

IF



\$2.95

# CPU WARS



CREATED,  
PRODUCED,  
DIRECTED &  
finally scrawled  
by  
**GAS ALRES**

©1980

Charles Ailes

Display Your 'baud' in a

# Fantasy

Yes, now available *nationally* for the first time, Fantasy T-shirts are making a hit from Maine to Miami -- from Perth Amboy to the gulfstream waters -- from Santa Clara to San Jose! All shirts are 100% cotton. Designs are the highest quality silkscreen.

★ **Play Adventure** T-Shirt

This shirt depicts a scene from the classic computer game *Adventure*, where you explore an underground cave filled with treasure and danger. The shirt shows a particularly tricky spot in the Hall of the Mountain King where the Adventurer is being attacked by a fierce snake and a dwarf. The detail of the shirt is in black and the letters appear in red. (Background colors are optionally cool blue, subtle tan, ostentatious yellow, or sunset gold).

**\* Play Zork T-Shirt**

Experienced computer game players having excelled in *Adventure* may want to try *ZORK* (also known as *Dungeon*) a game more comprehensive than *Adventure* in its complexity at every level (more commands, more rooms, more difficult puzzles, etc.). Show your prowess in the ultimate in computer games by wearing this t-shirt next time you go to a cocktail party -- (or use it when you cut the grass). (Available in subtle tan and ostentatious yellow)



All shirts are available in Small (adult 34-36), Medium (38-40), Large (42-44), and Extra Large (46-48) sizes. When ordering, please specify size and color. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

Yes! Please rush me        T-Shirts at 6.00 each. I enclose .50 per shirt for postage and handling.

*Send to:*

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
City,State,Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

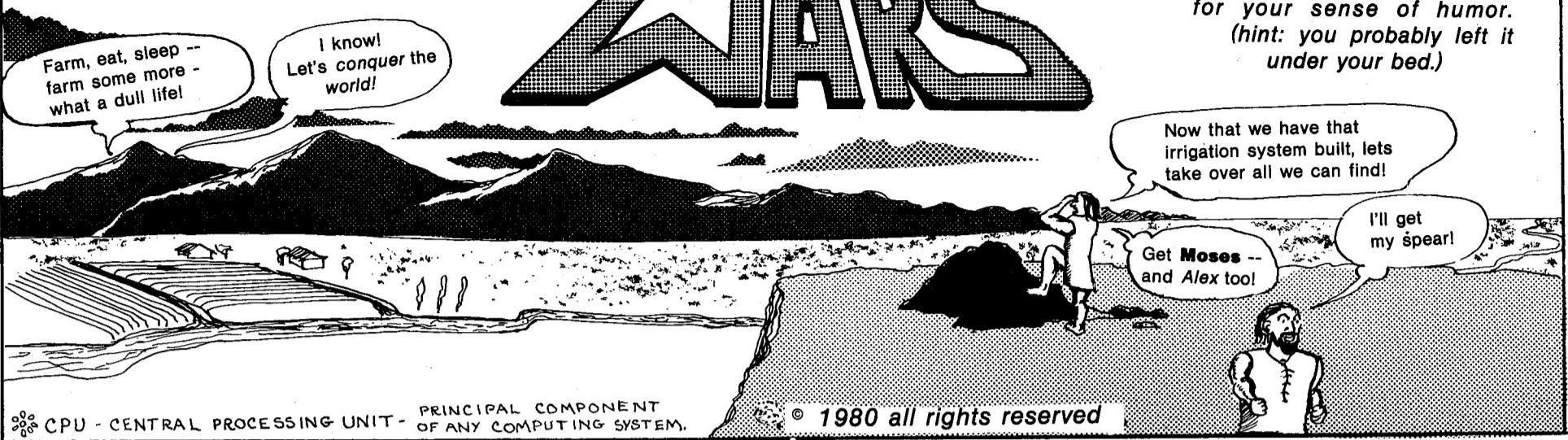
**Fantasy T-Shirts, 77 Mark Vincent Drive, Westford, MA 01886**

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CHTHON (pronounced ka-THON) is one of the oldest known words for the planet Earth.

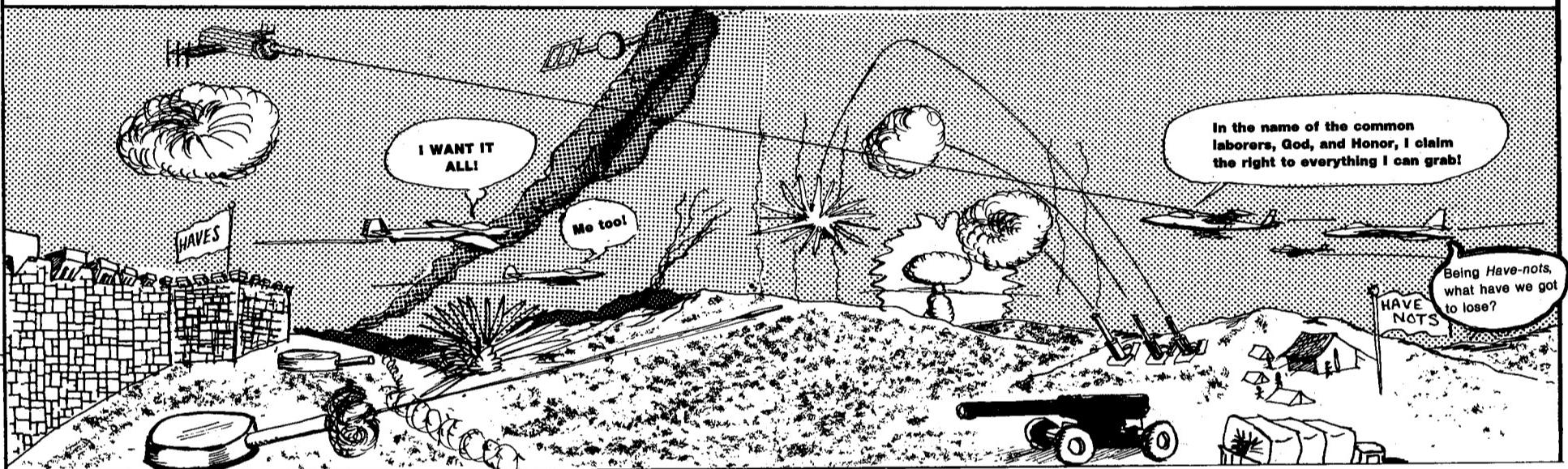
Since Ancient Times, the battle for global domination has pre-occupied human history ...

# CPU WARS

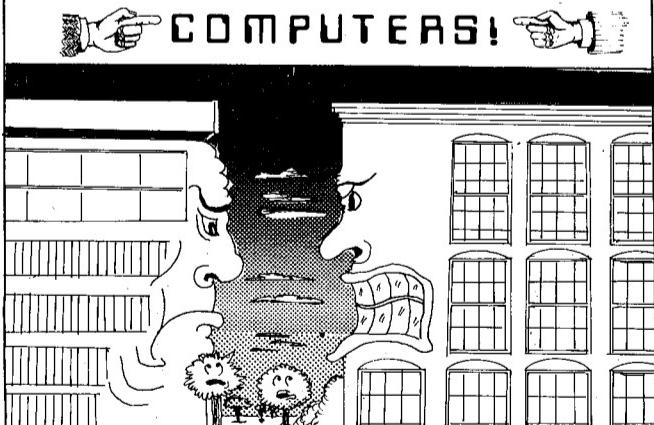
NOTE: Any resemblance to persons or organizations in this comic are purely coincidental. Besides, if it bothers you, initiate an intensive search for your sense of humor. (hint: you probably left it under your bed.)



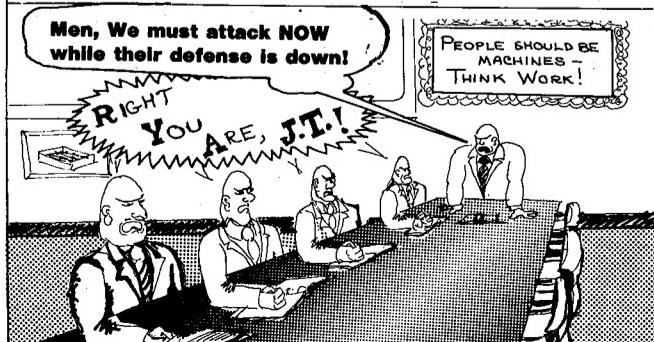
The advent of technology and modern civilization has done little to change that uncontrollable desire to rule the entire planet!



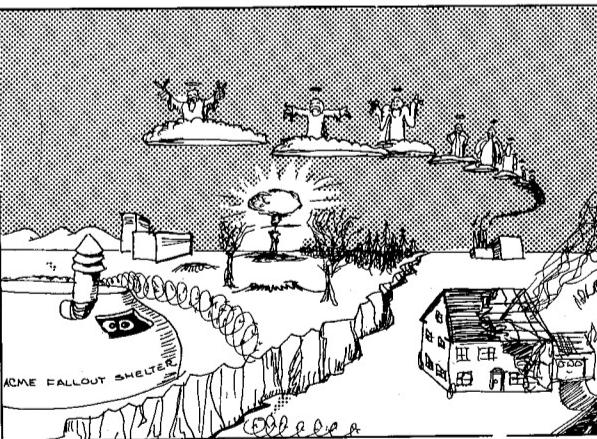
Two PRIME contenders for a global struggle were the **pace-setting manufacturers** in the world of megabytes and memories:



And thus, the scene was set in the Board Room of Impossible to Program Machines Corp...



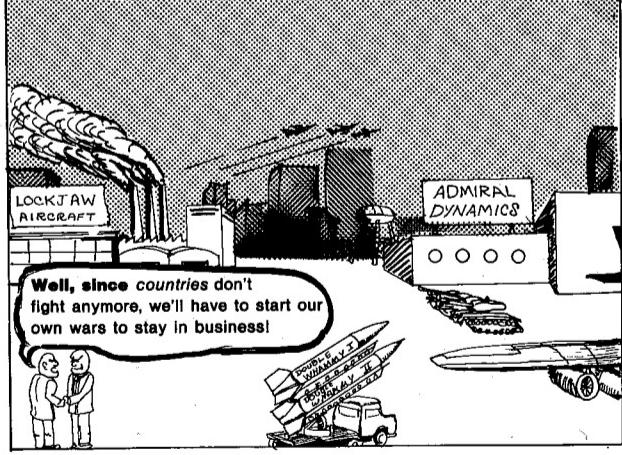
After the **Energy Crisis**, the **Earthquakes**, the Neutron War, the Deadly Bees, the Second thru Thirty-seventh Coming, and Anita Bryant, few strongholds of wealth remained...



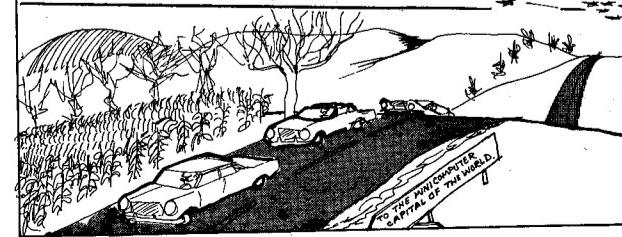
**IPM** is the largest computer corporation in the world. Naturally, this isn't enough ...



The great expense of multiple catastrophes had left world governments weak; thus wars for privately-held fortunes were sanctioned for their reviving effect on the Arms Industry...

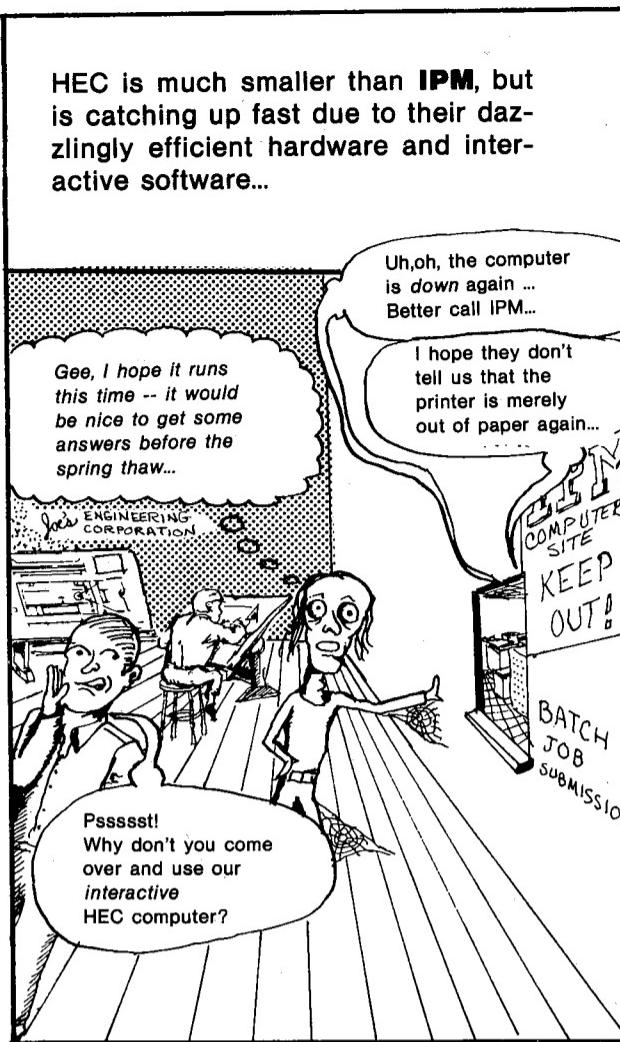
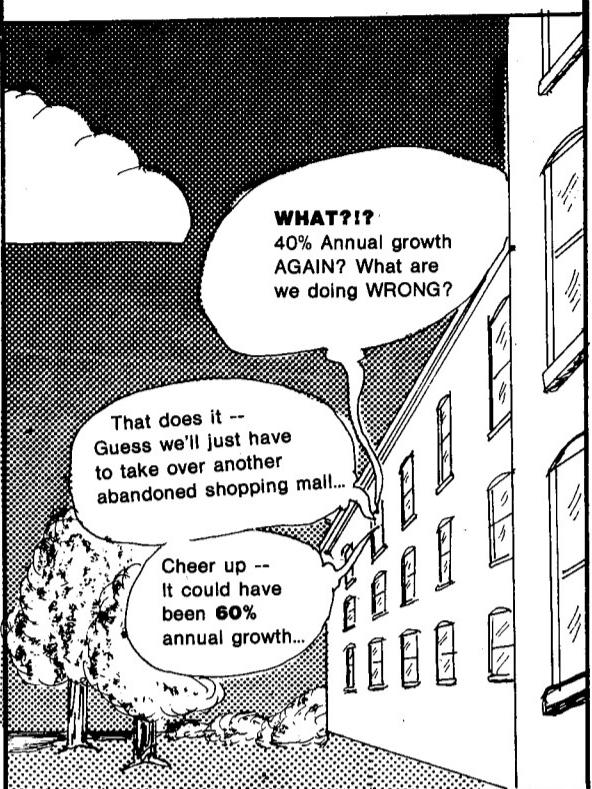


And so, a battalion of crack **IPM** storm troopers supported by a fighter squadron disguised as business jets spearhead an attack on an old woolen mill in Barnyard, Mass --

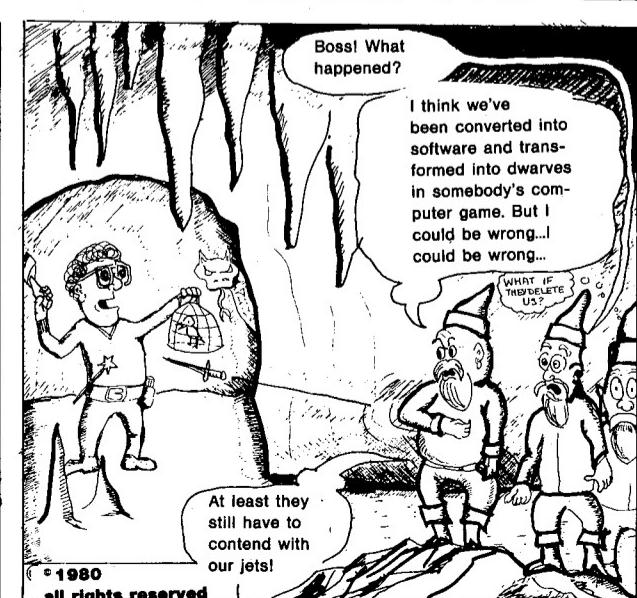
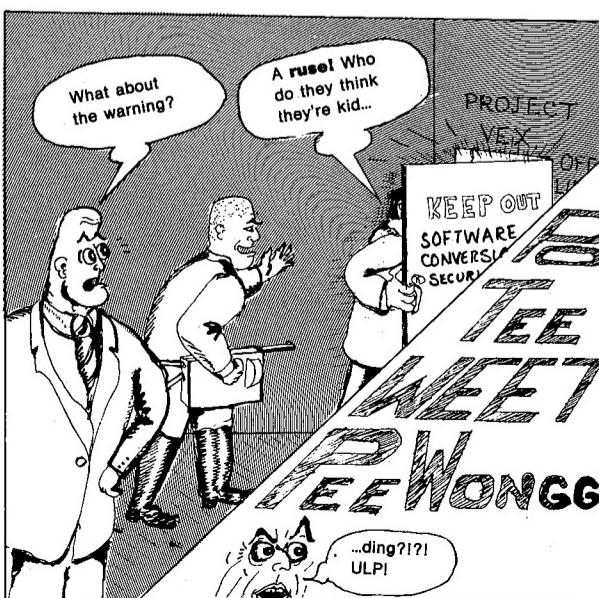
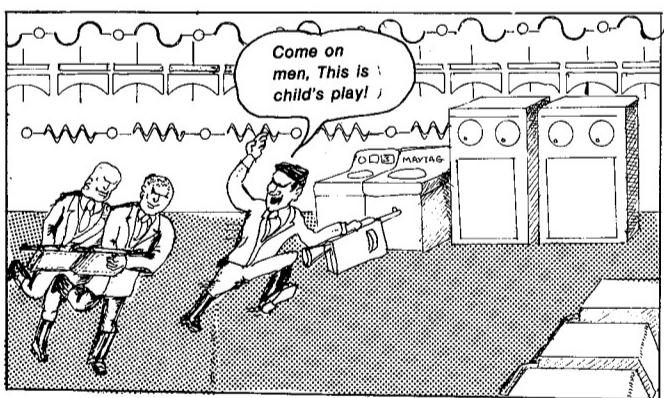
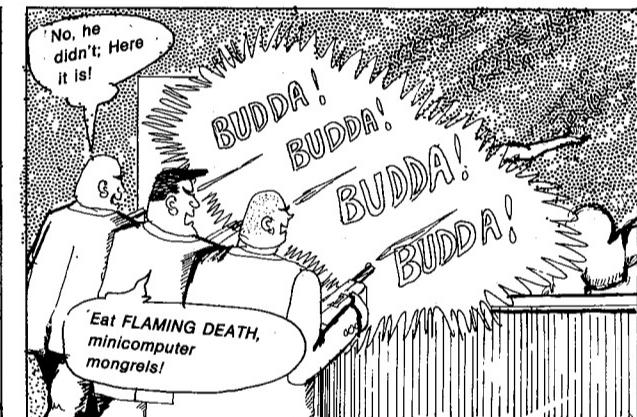
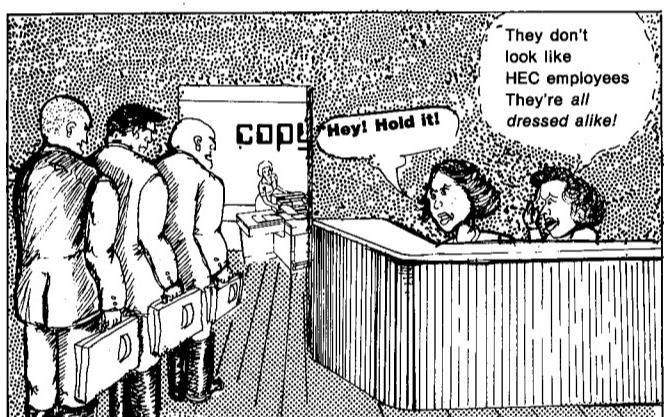
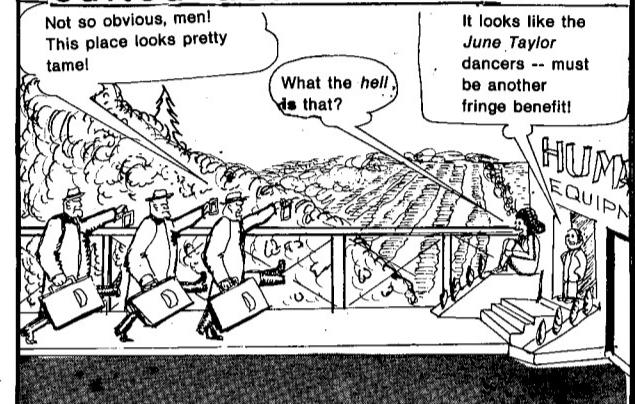


...which houses the original offices and factory of **IPM's** main competitor -- **Human Equipment Corporation!**

(also known as **HEC** as in: 'What the --'



Because HEC makes computers that are easy to use and more accessible to people, **IPM** has also felt a *moral* obligation to eliminate HEC before too many people had access to too much information. This would have diverted control of power away from the elite. The first sneak attack thus was composed of hired thugs dressed as gray-suited automatons.



# CHAPTER I

# CPU WARS

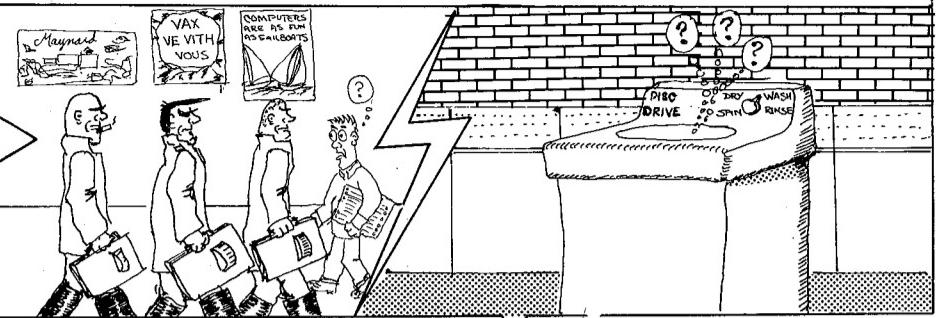
NEW ENGLAND LIFE,  
OF COURSE. WHY?

Characters & Graphics by  
Chas Andres

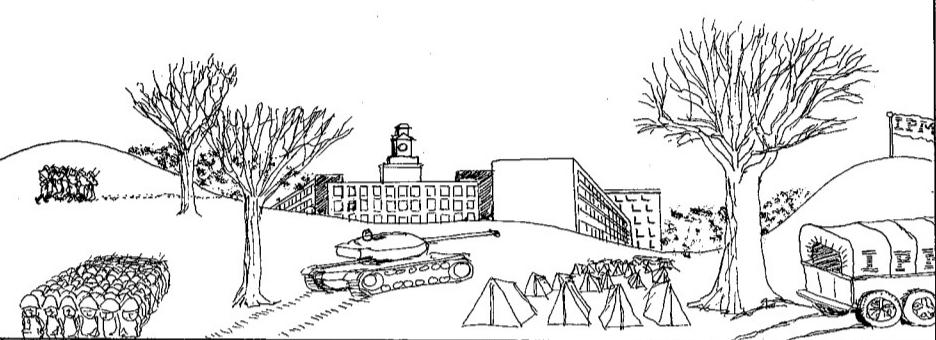
**In which THE SINISTER FORCES of IPM\* DECLARE WAR on the peaceful people of HEC-land & attempt to delete minicomputers from the face of the Earth!!**

\*IMPOSSIBLE to PURCHASE MACHINES CORP.

IPM has begun hostilities with a sneak guerilla attack on the old converted woolen mill that had been HEC's home for many years. However, their troops were converted into software, and now exist merely as magnetic flux on a disc storage unit...



Not to be so easily defeated, IPM has made a formal declaration of war with the winner to take over the MACROSHARE of the world computer market. As the war continues, the old mill is surrounded...



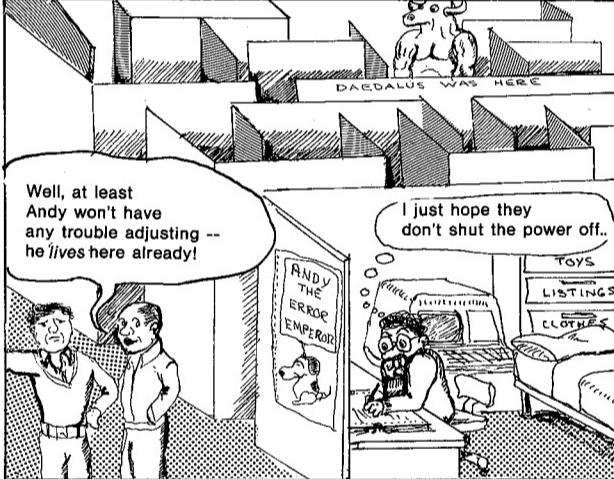
## Meanwhile, inside the mill...

Well, you all know that we are surrounded so we have to stay here a while longer...

Hey, relax, will ya? You have already eaten so many of those, you are not only immune to their effects, you're addicted!

B-but, how will we survive? All we have to eat are the Whoopie Pies in the vending machines!

THIS IS A VIRTUAL DOOR

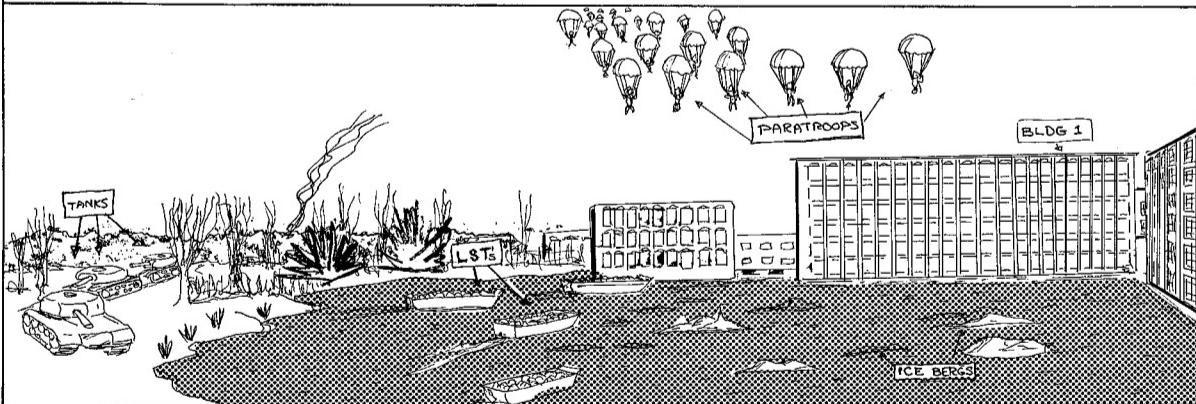


## And outside in the frigid wastes...

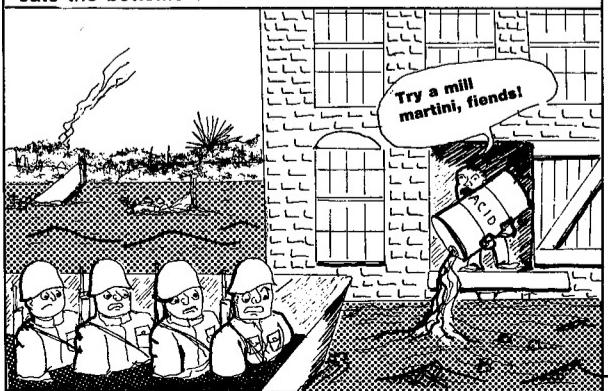
When we're good and ready! Ya don't want to be converted into software do ya? What if you had to come back as an error handler?

Yeah! I've worked for them all -- The PLO, Castro, the Shah, the CIA, the DAR... even the Sex Pistols!

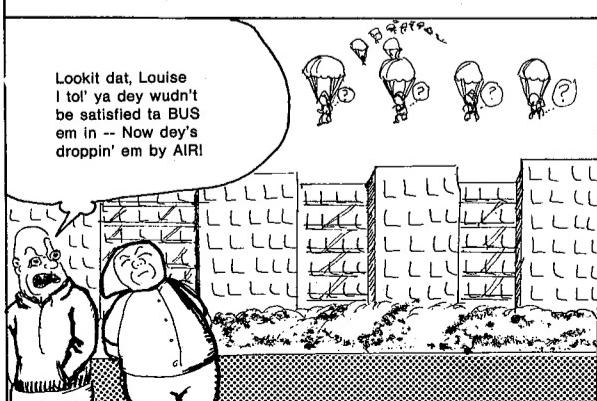
Deciding to attack on three fronts, IPM forces attempt to capture HEC-land's command control center which they think is in the mill...



But the corrosive waters of the Betyerass River combined with printed circuit board etching acid eats the bottoms of the boats...



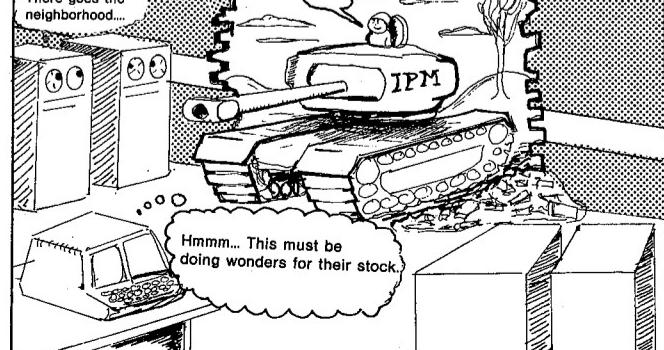
And the cruel winds known as *The Montreal Express* blow the paratroopers into South Boston...

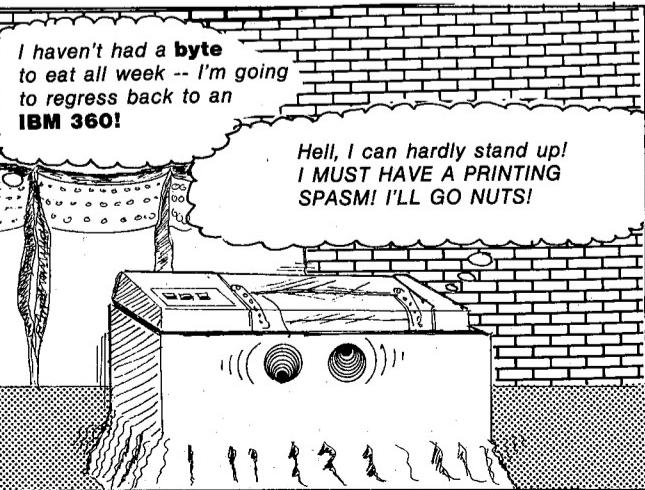
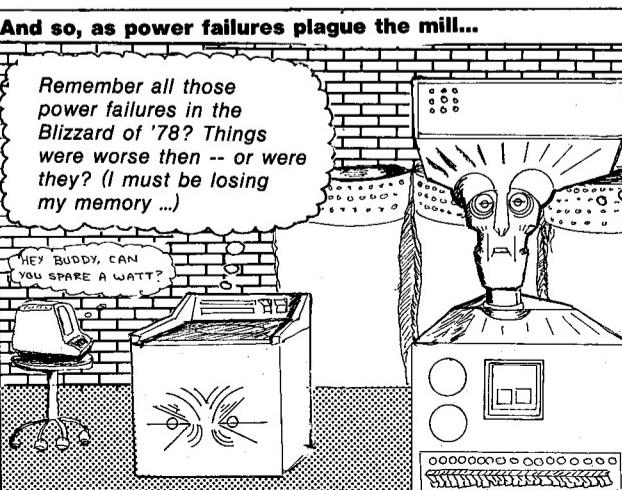
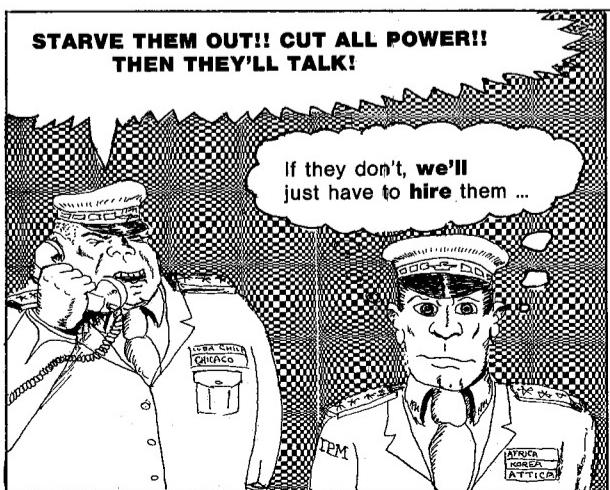
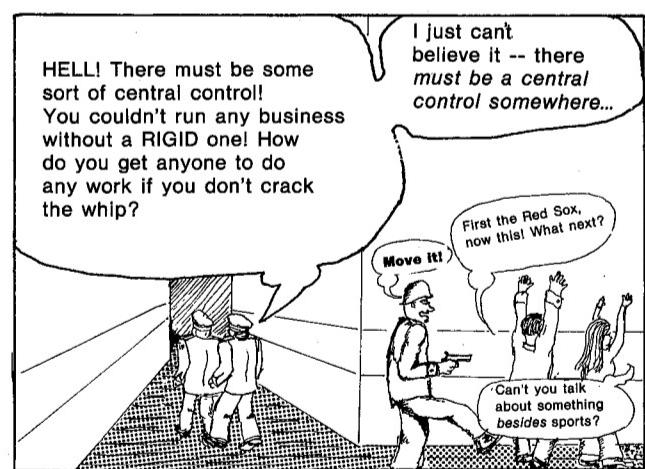
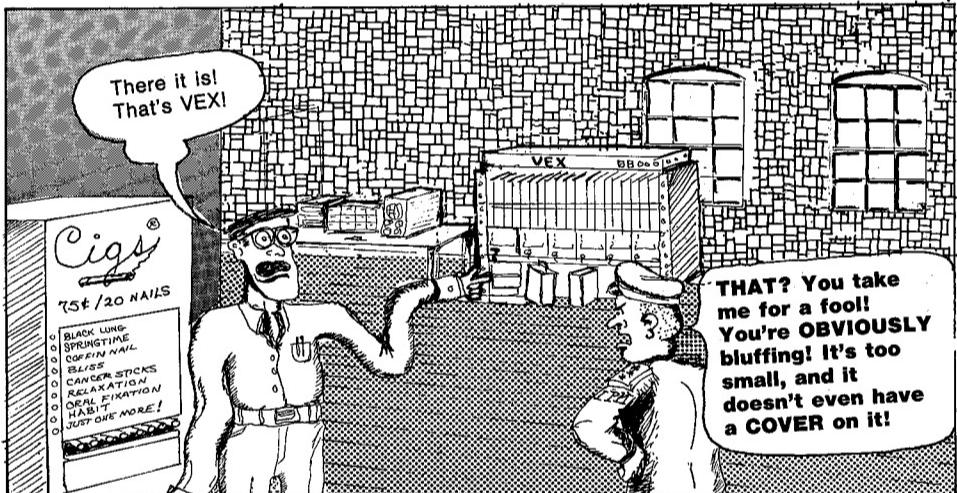
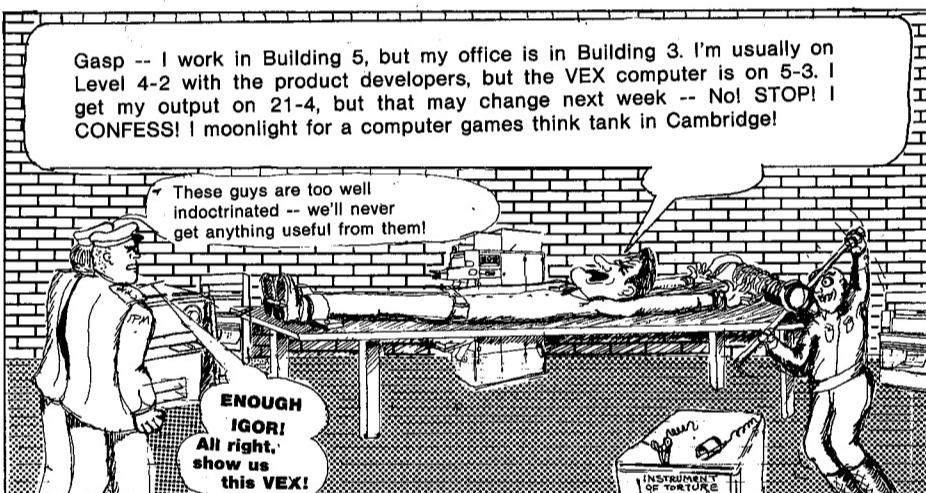
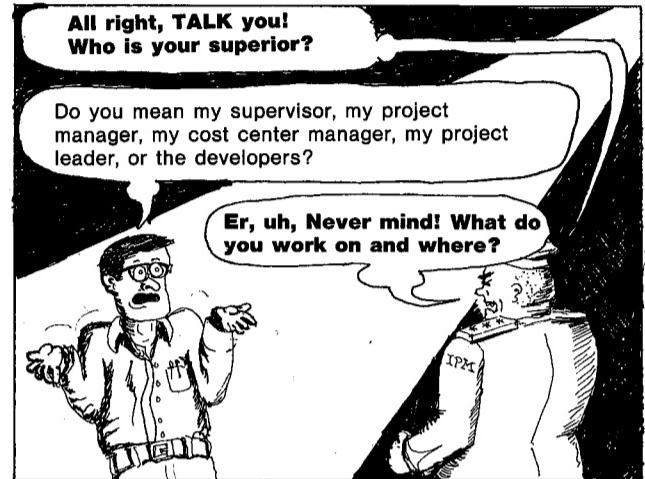
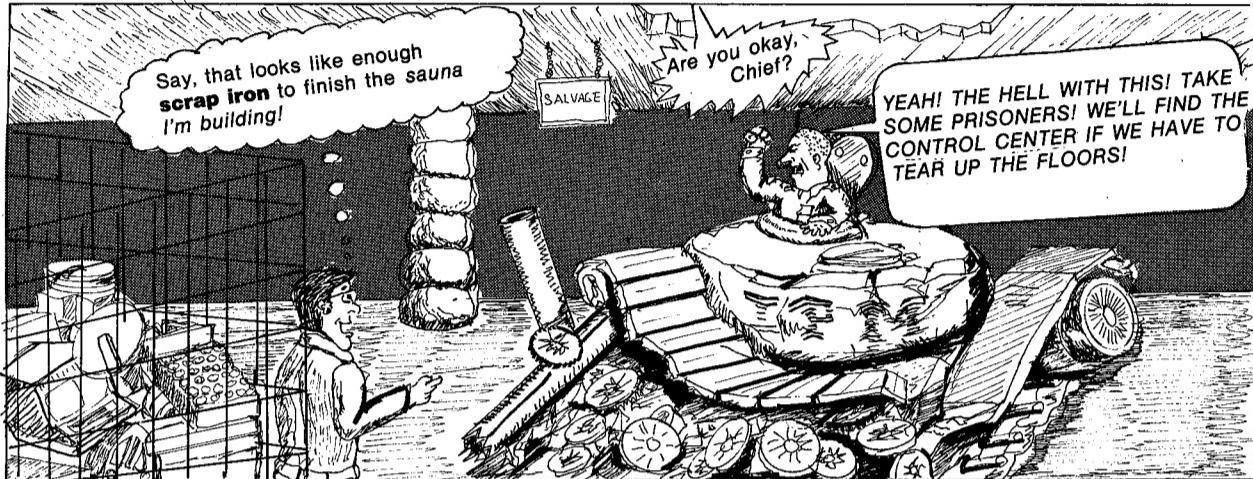
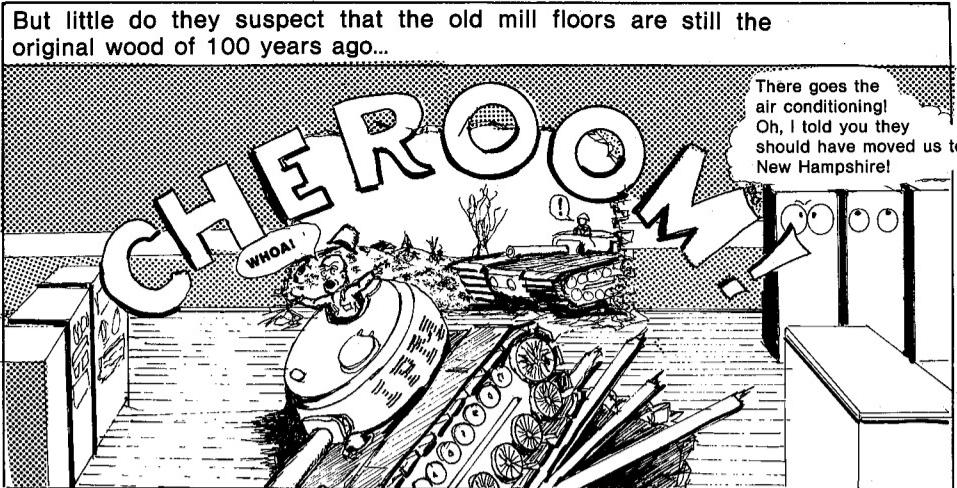
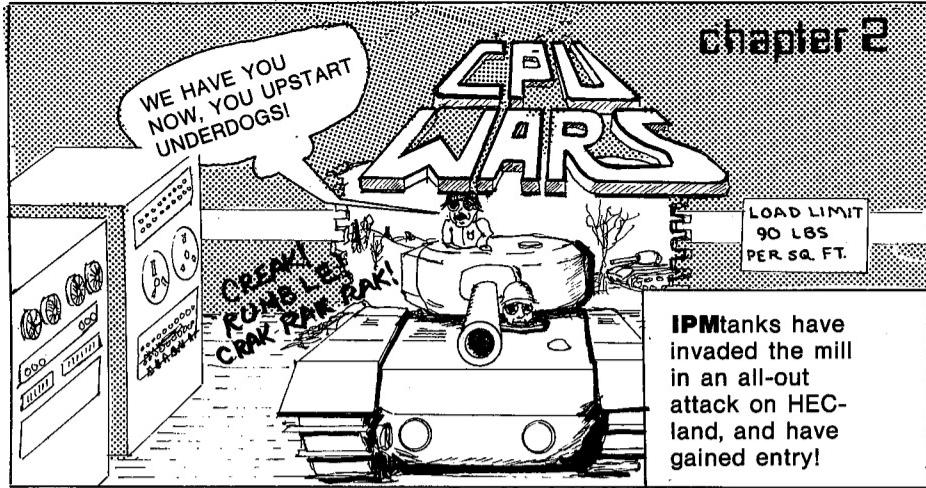


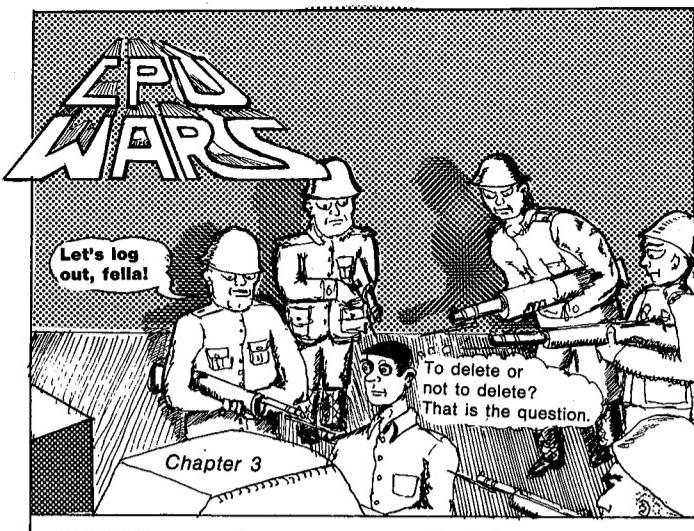
## BUT THE TANK INVASION IS SUCCESSFUL!

Well, might may not be right, but it usually wins...

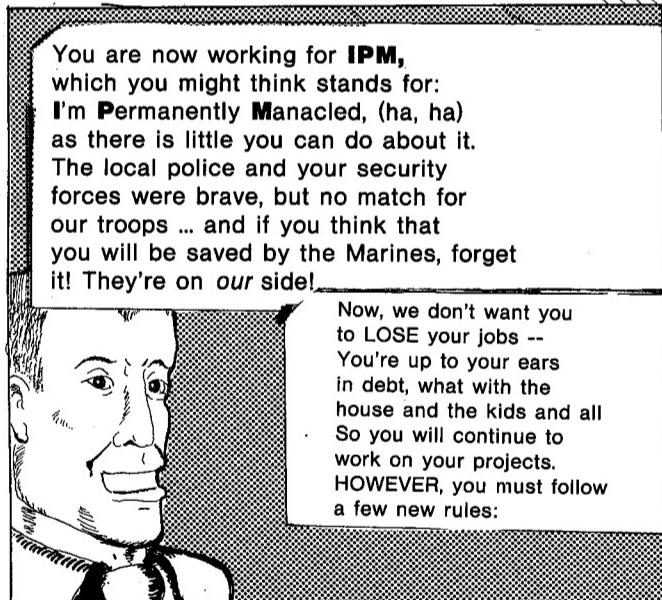
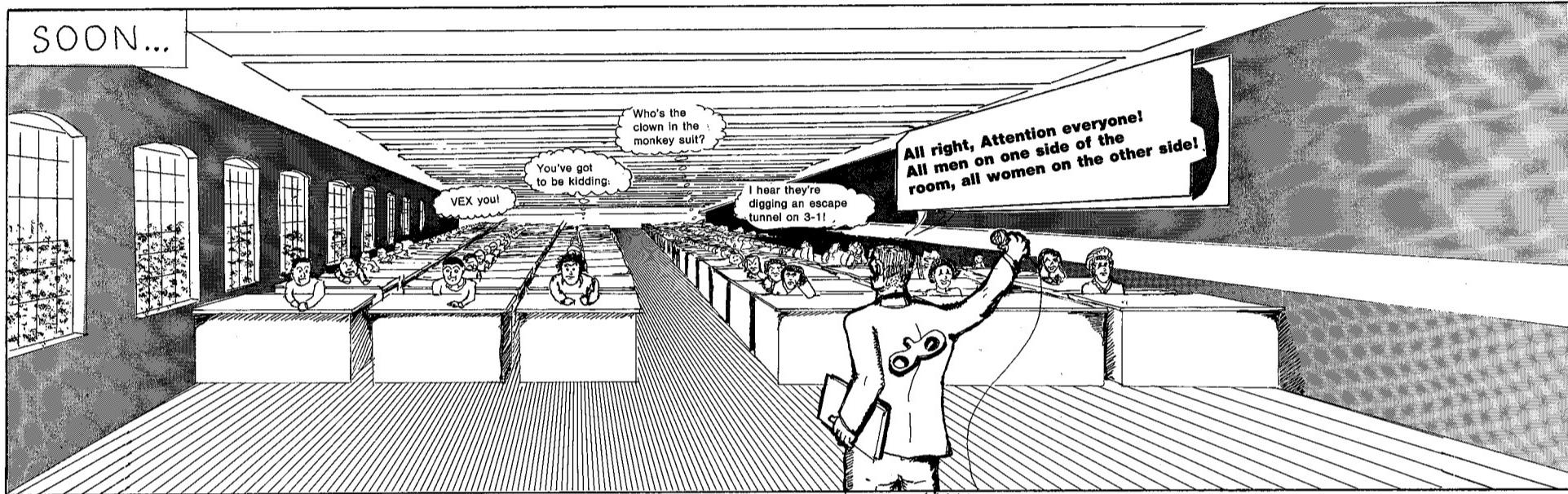
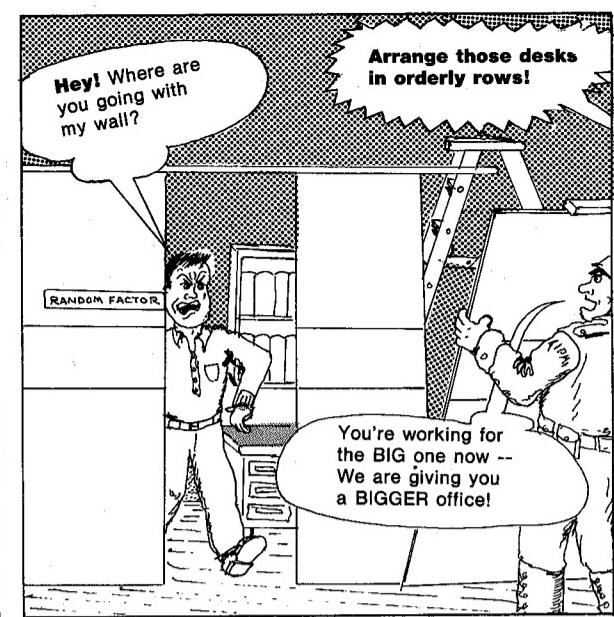
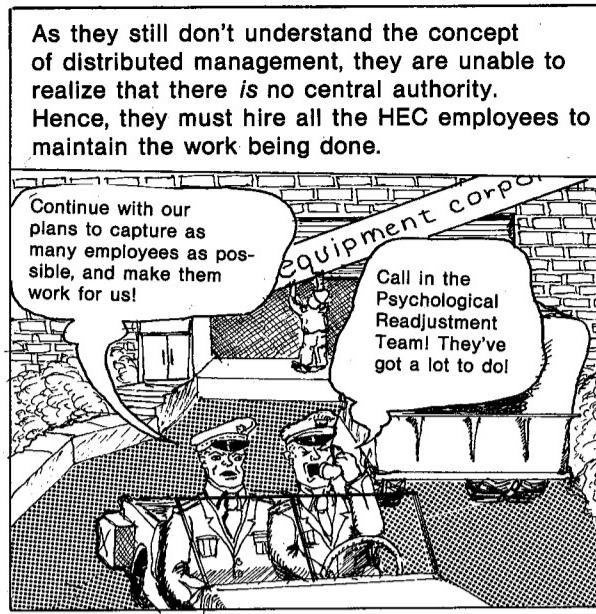
There goes the neighborhood...



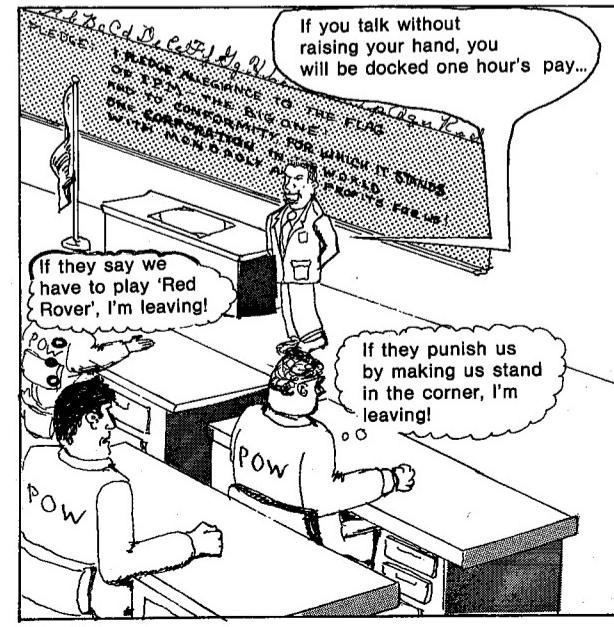
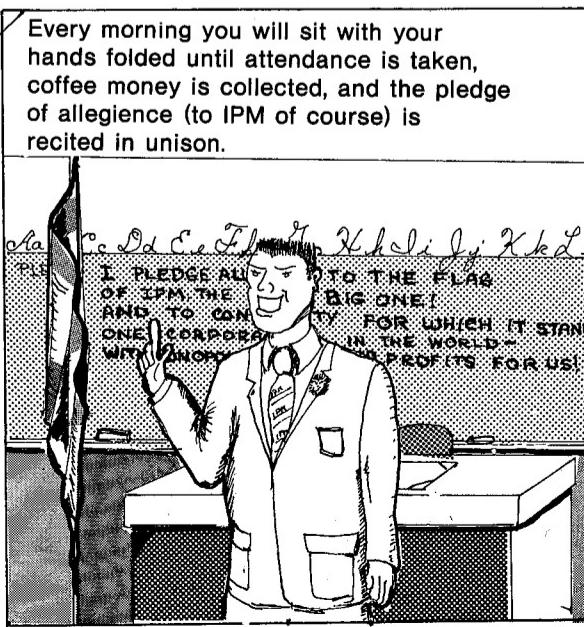
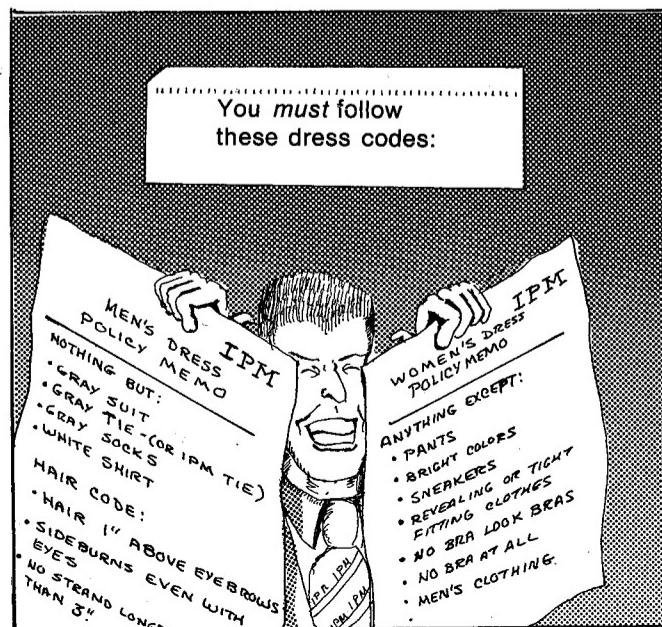
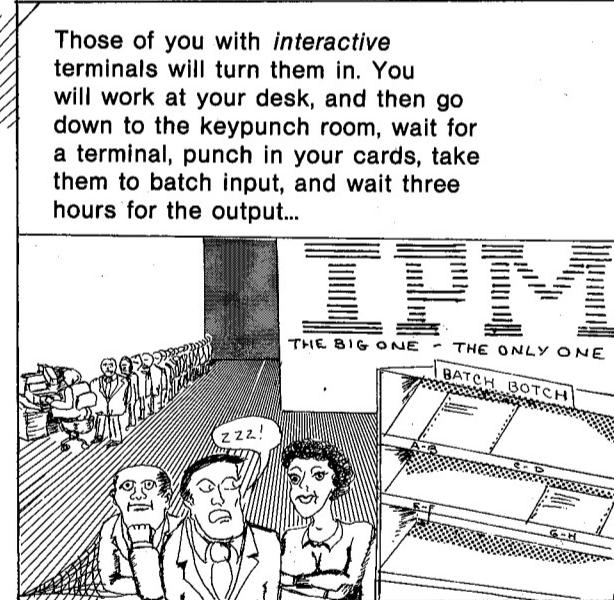
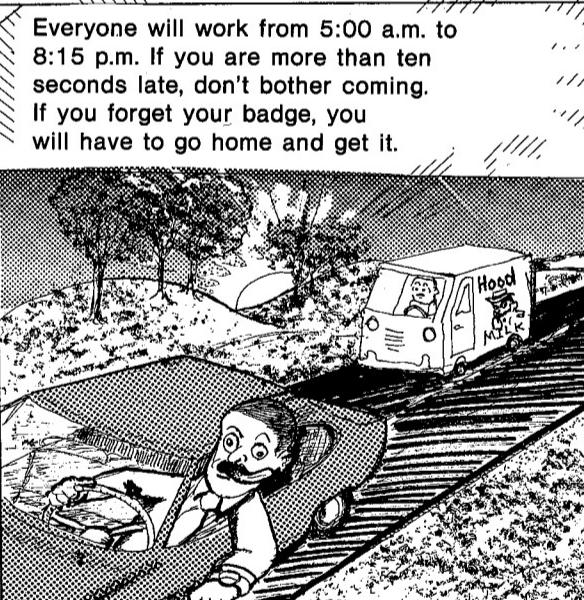


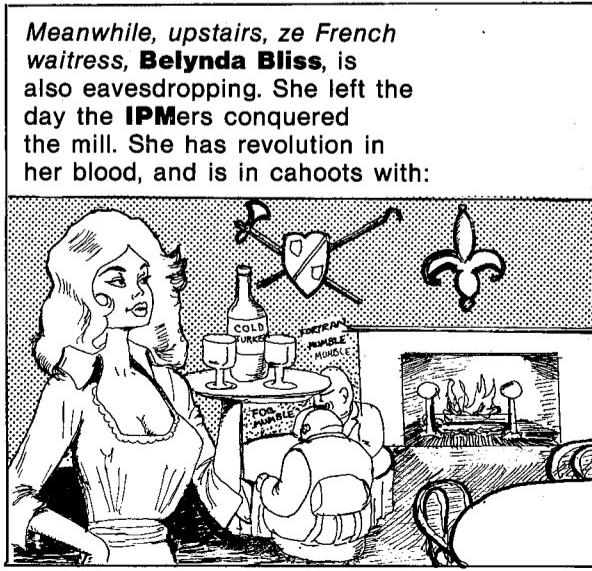
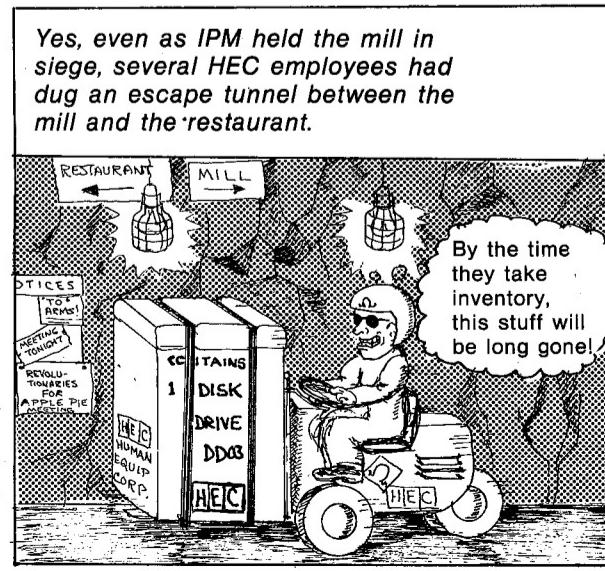
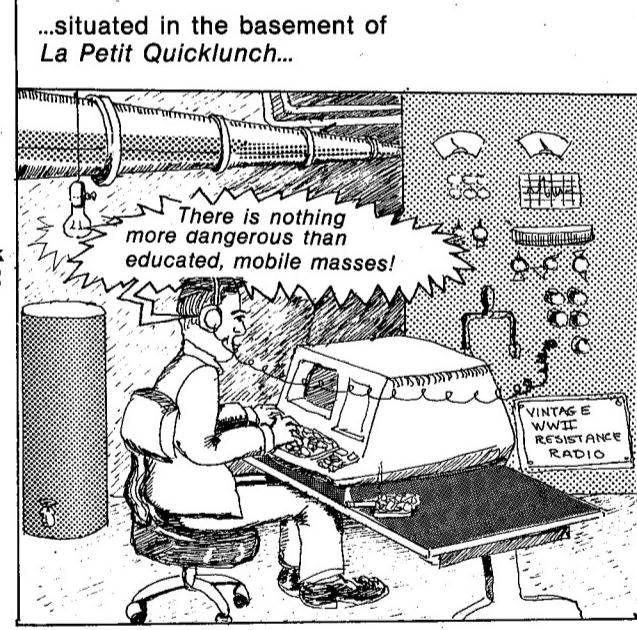
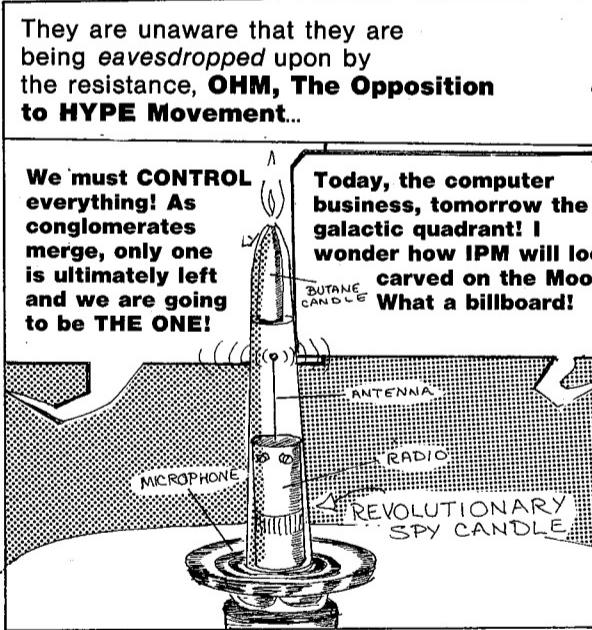
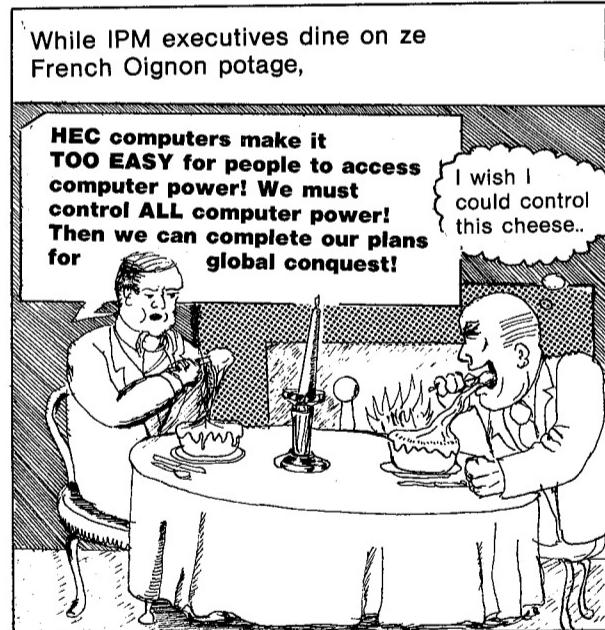
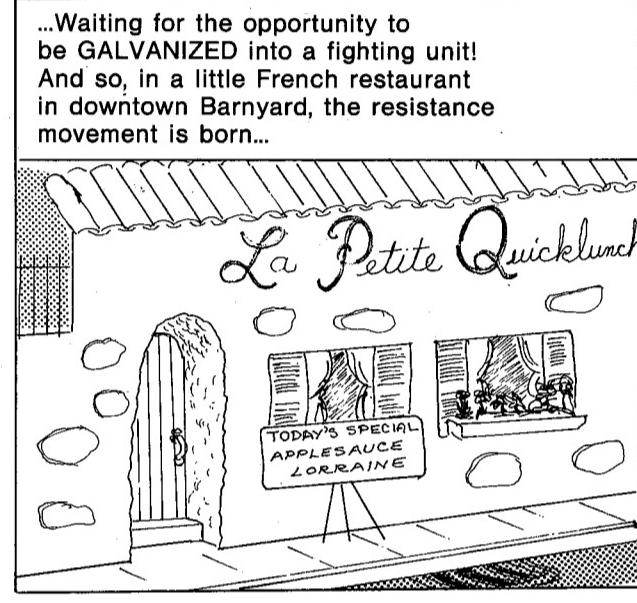
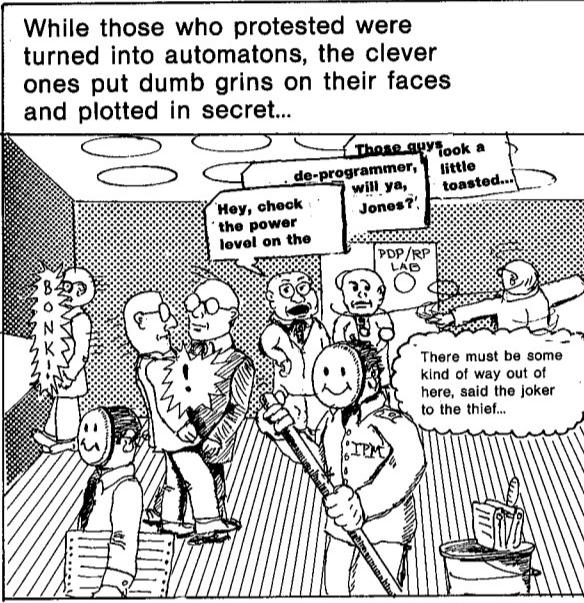
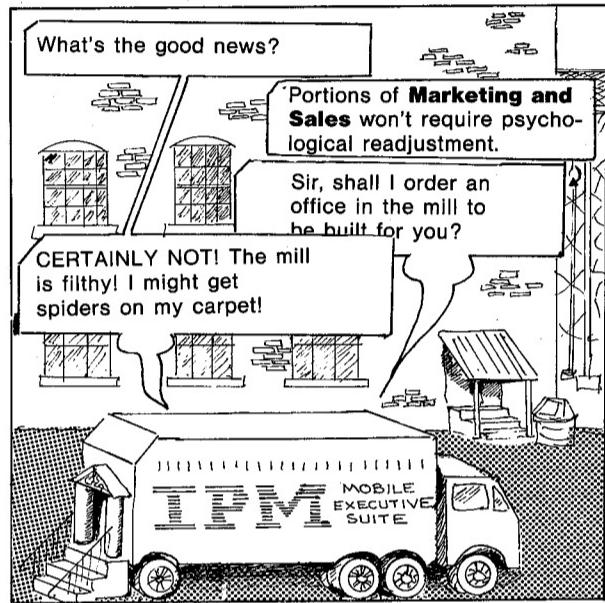
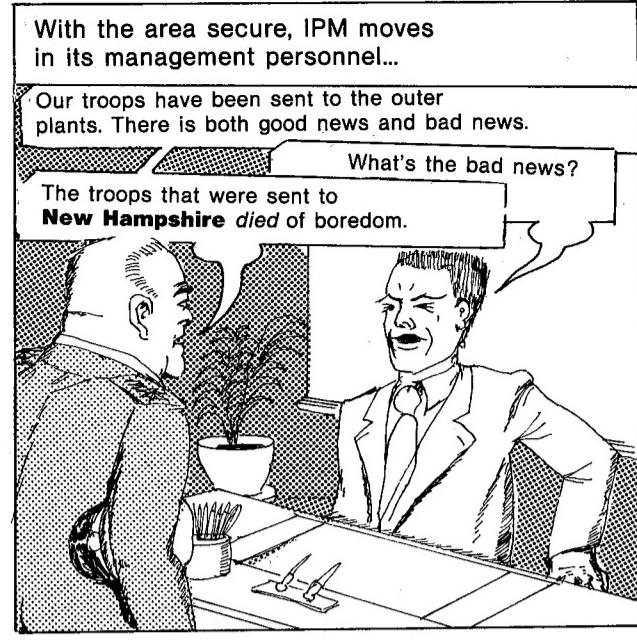
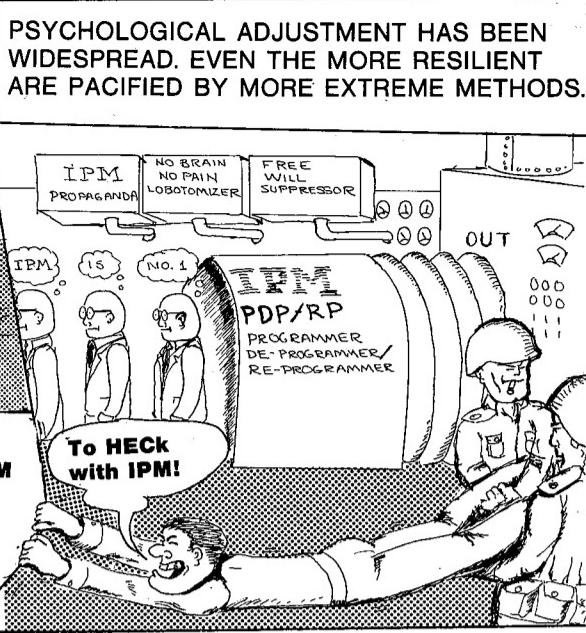
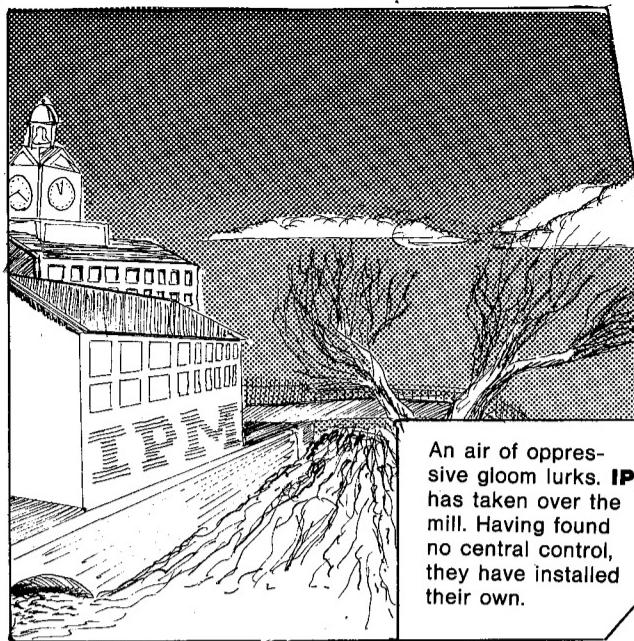


**IPM forces have succeeded in securing part of HEC's mill...**



Now, we don't want you to LOSE your jobs -- You're up to your ears in debt, what with the house and the kids and all So you will continue to work on your projects. HOWEVER, you must follow a few new rules:





**Digital Dog!** who works for Human Equipment Corporation and moonlights at La Petite Quicklunch!



Yes, that Supermutt with the I.Q. of 240 in human terms has been employed as a software specialist working in the advanced development group for the past couple of years.\*



\*Digital Dog used to be a microbiologist at MIT. His owner (an MIT tool), had experimented with him to raise his I.Q. to the point where the D.D. was smart enough to earn a living for both of them. This gave his owner a life of leisure, as well as fulfilling every dog's dream -- to be his master!

Both Digital Dog and Belynda Bliss had speculated that an IPM attack might occur -- and thus they were natural rebel leaders.



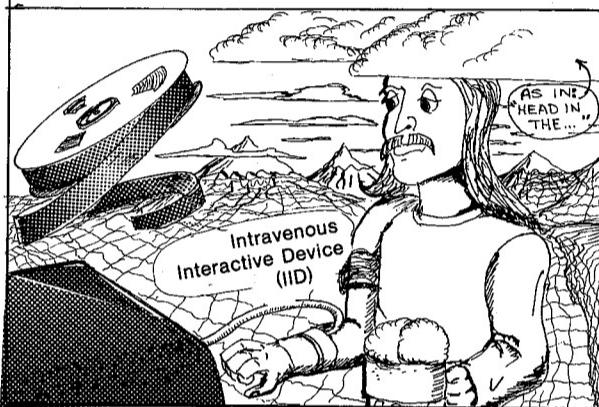
Once the attack had begun, they quickly elicited the support of a host of compatriots to battle the FASCISTIC elements of IPM!



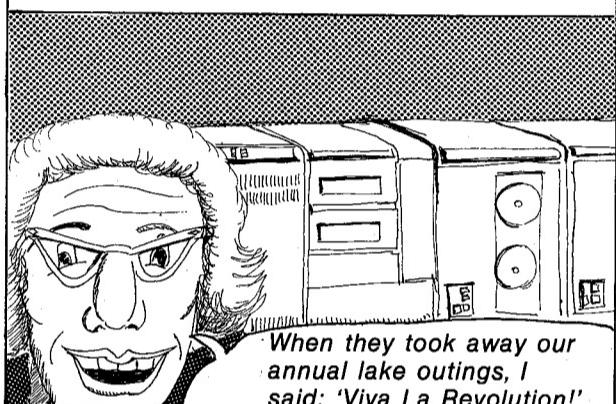
**Betty and Bert Byte** are old-time HEC employees. They met when it was a company of 450 instead of 45,000, and have been loyal to HEC and each-other ever since.



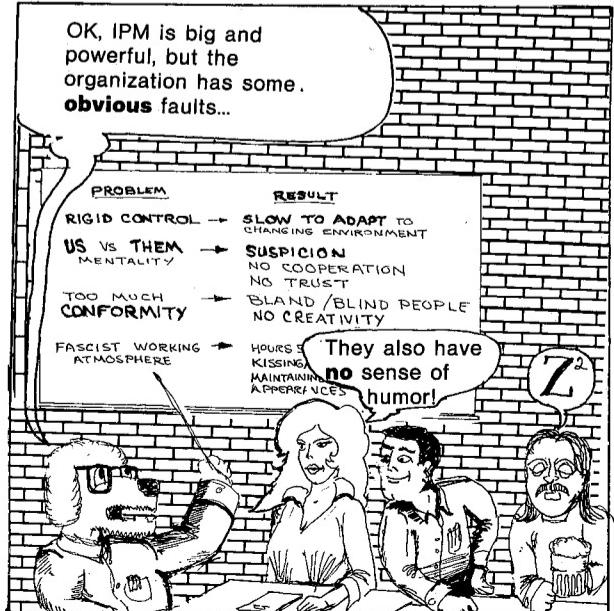
**Virtual George** is a software heavy who had a computer terminal attached to his right arm and a beer mug grafted on his left hand. His software borders on magic.



**DeeDee DaDa** is one of the best undercover agents in the OHM organization. She works in production, and managed to smuggle out a VEX computer piece by piece.



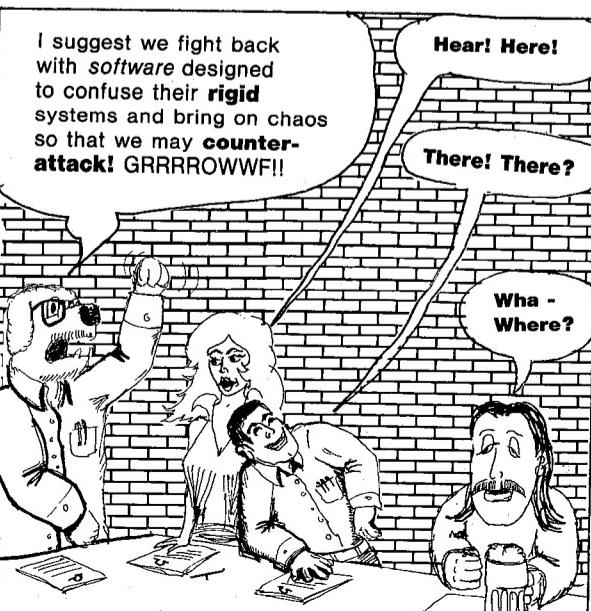
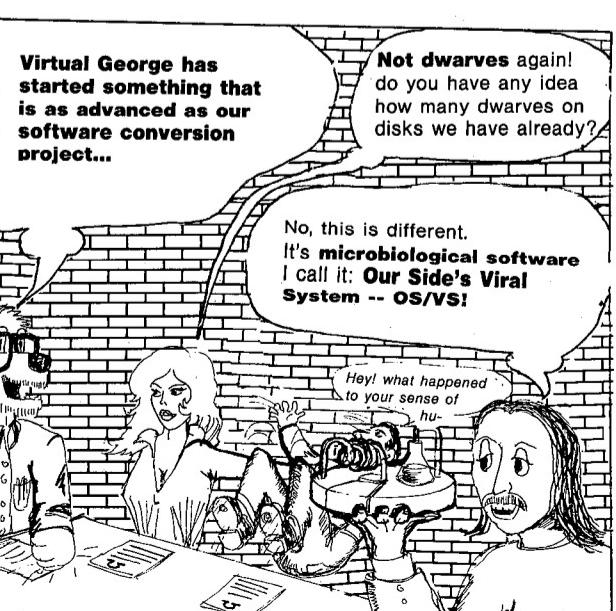
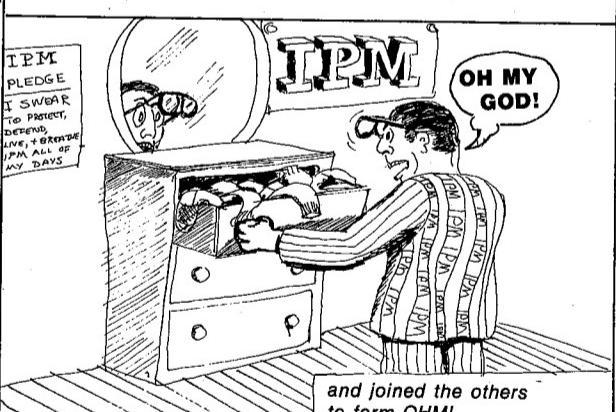
OK, IPM is big and powerful, but the organization has some obvious faults...

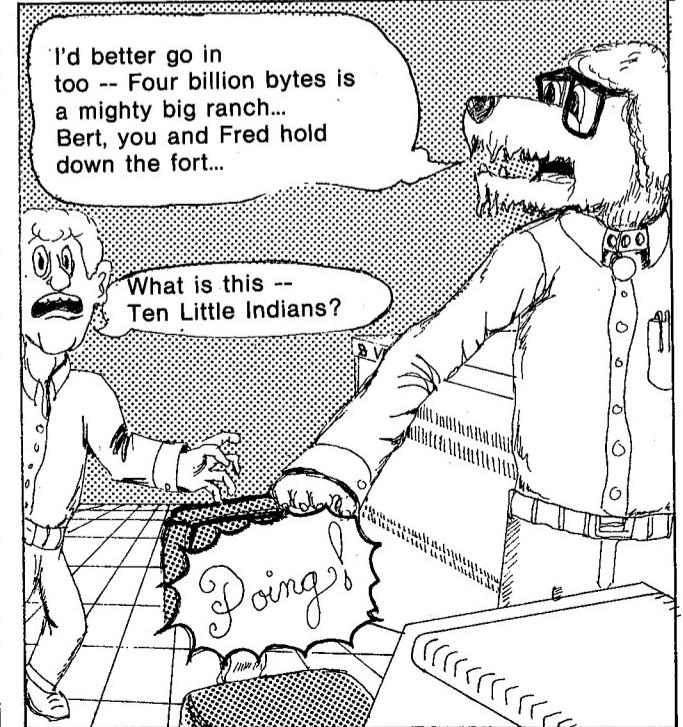
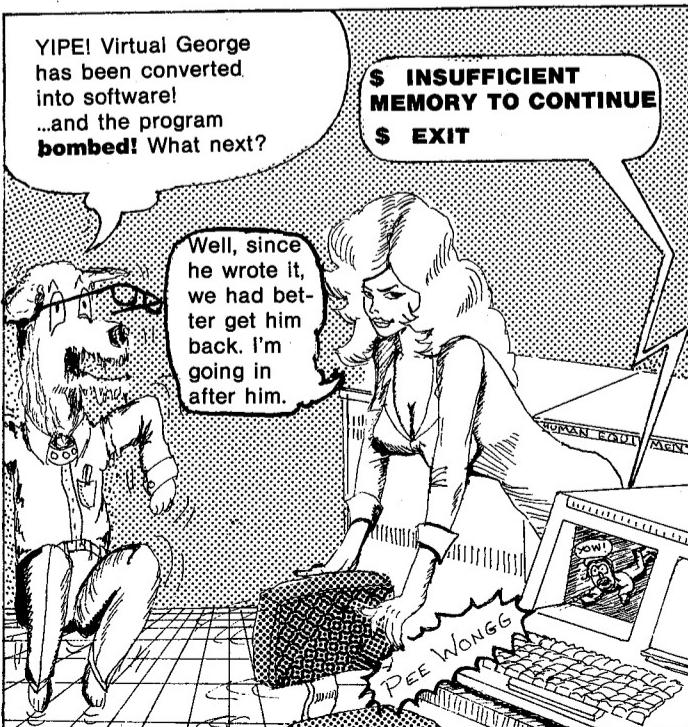
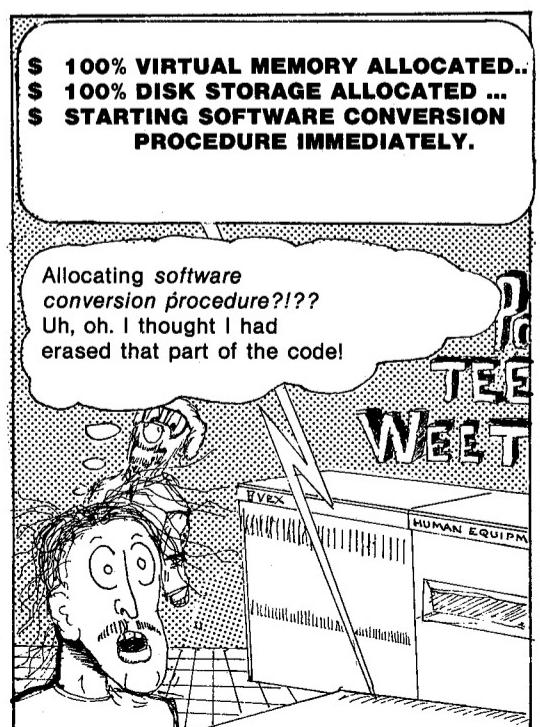
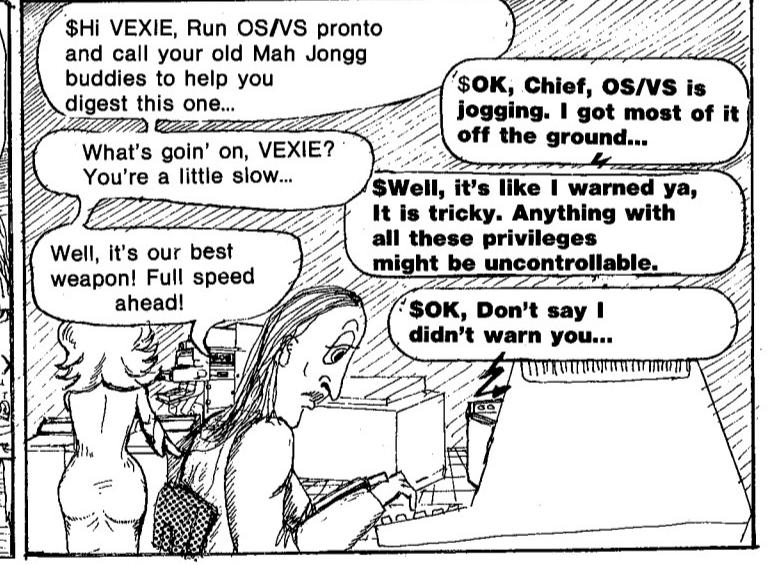
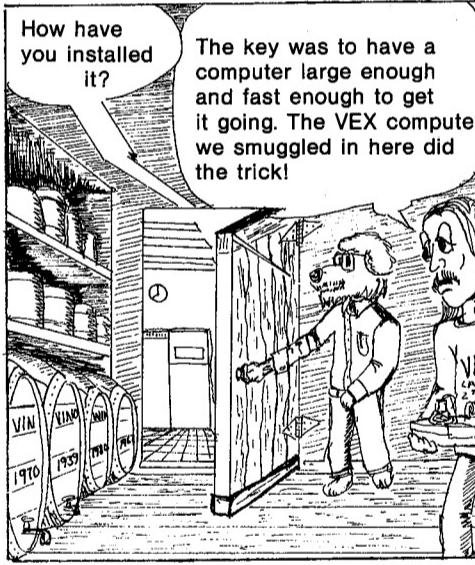
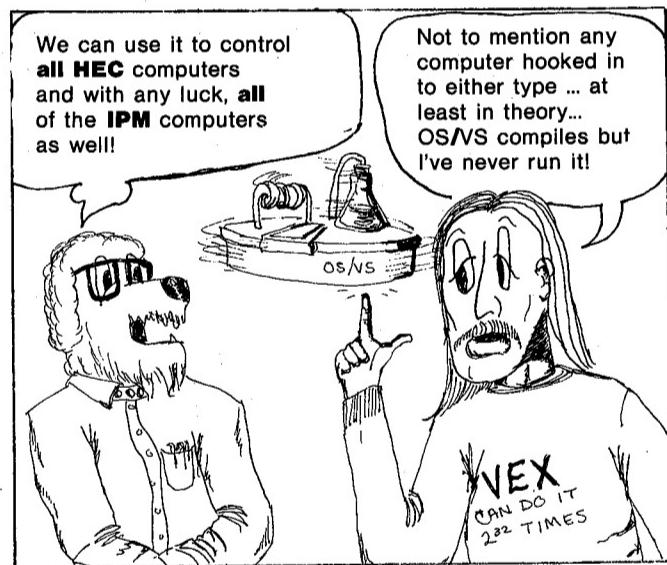
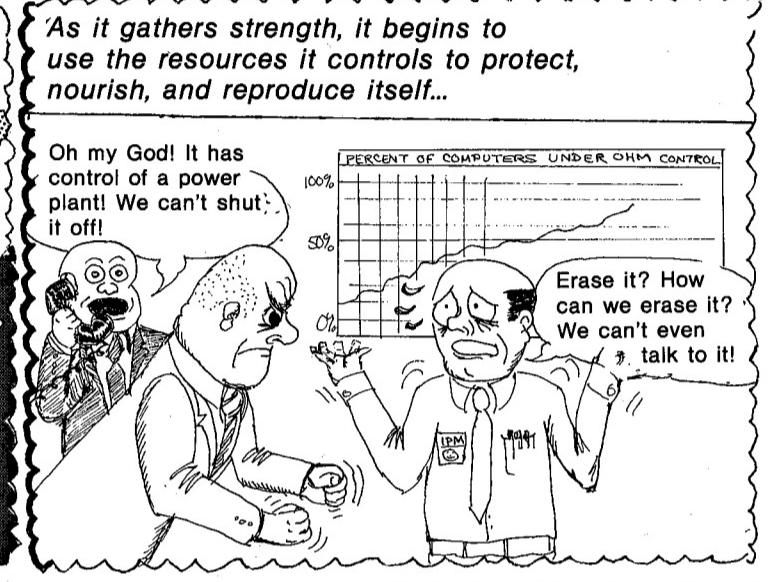
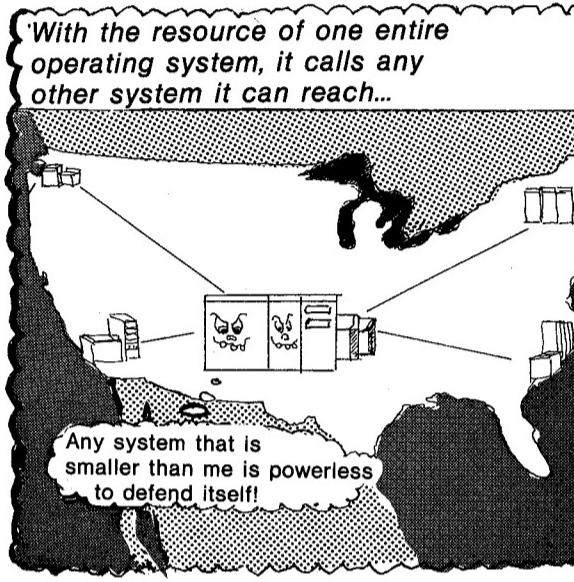
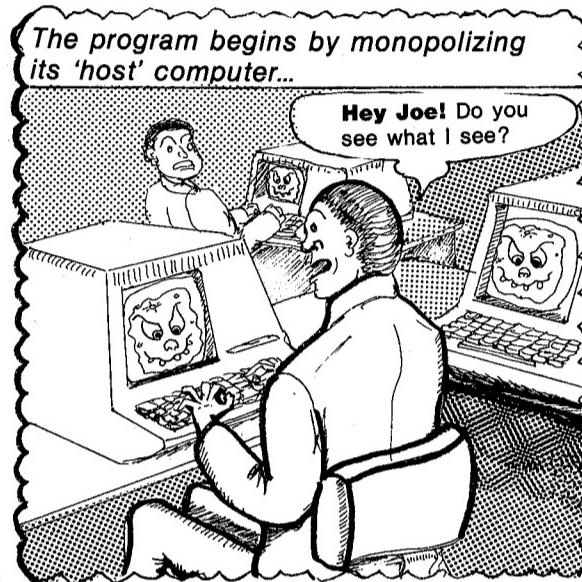
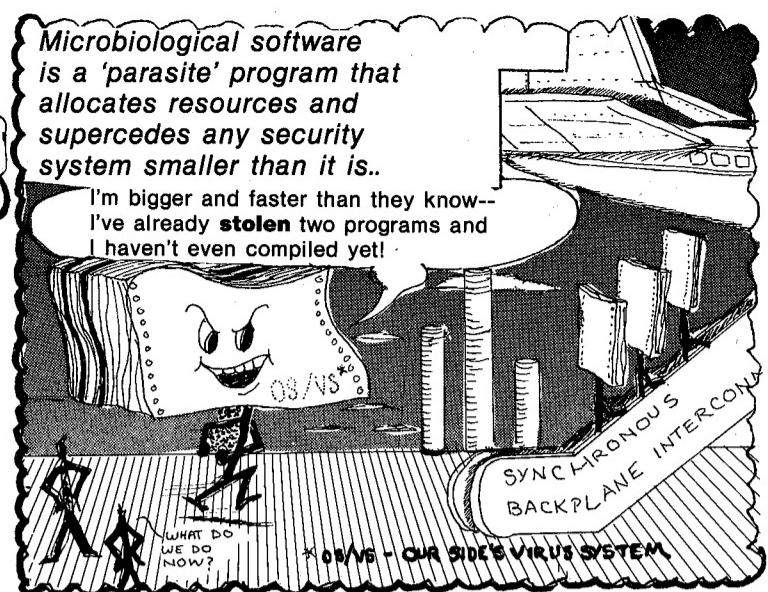
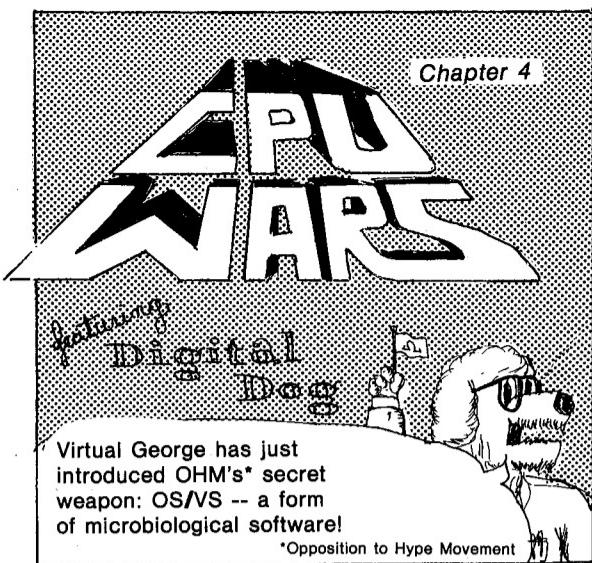


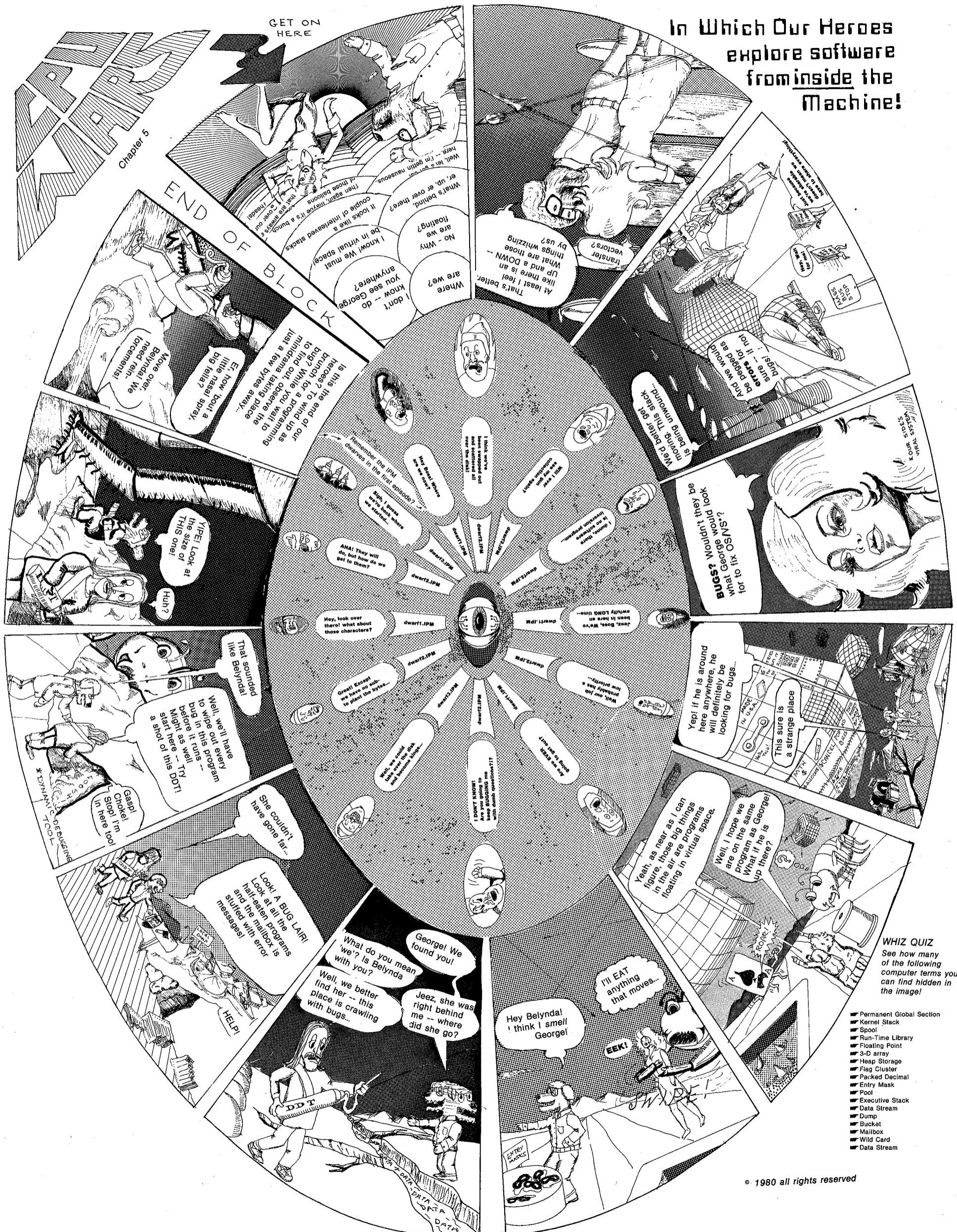
**Sally Scripto** is a technical writer. After her divorce she went to work for HEC and is not ready to leave yet...



**Fred Float**, a hardware designer used to work for IPM but quit the morning he woke up and found his bureau drawers contained only gray socks...





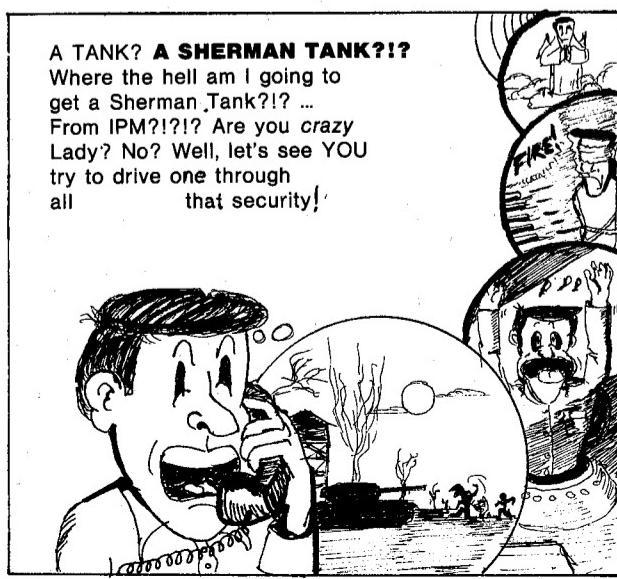
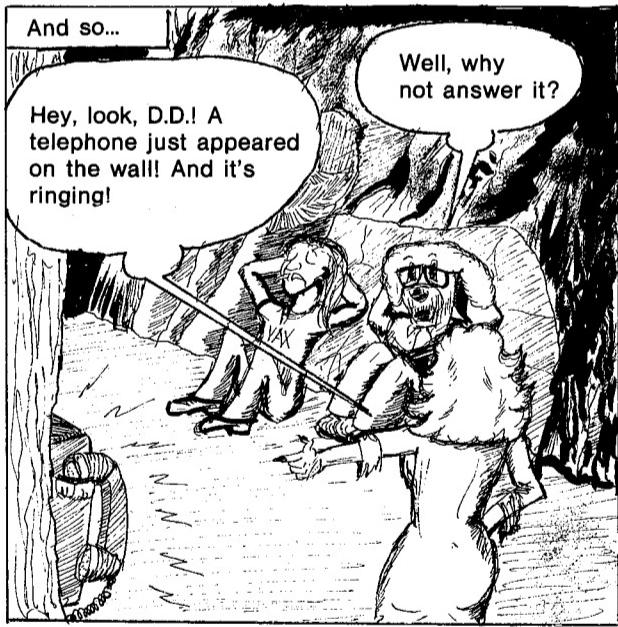
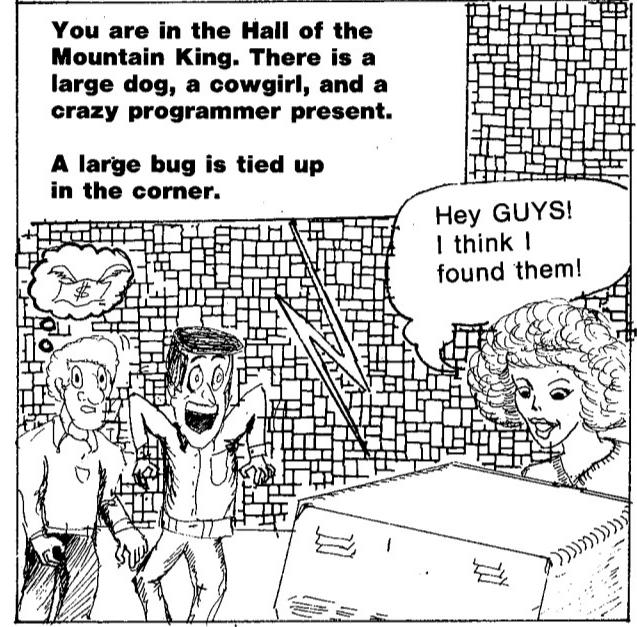
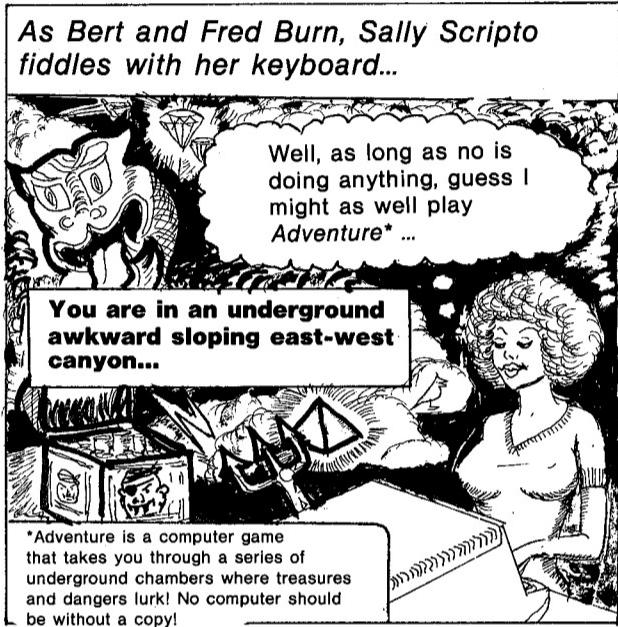
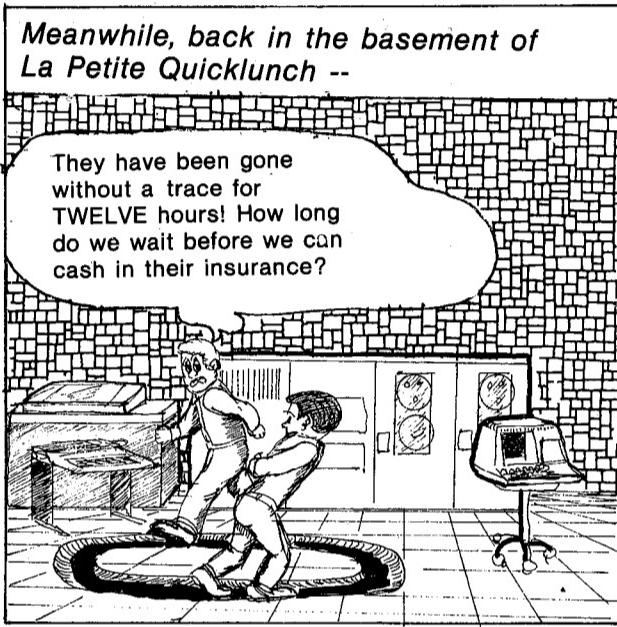
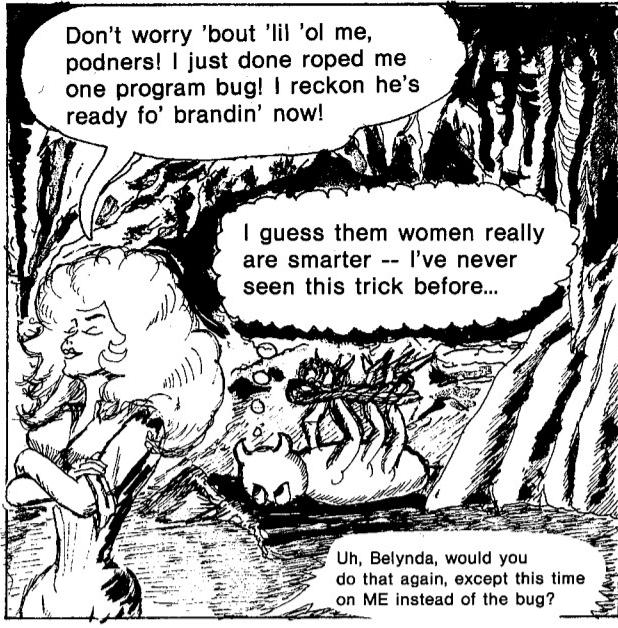


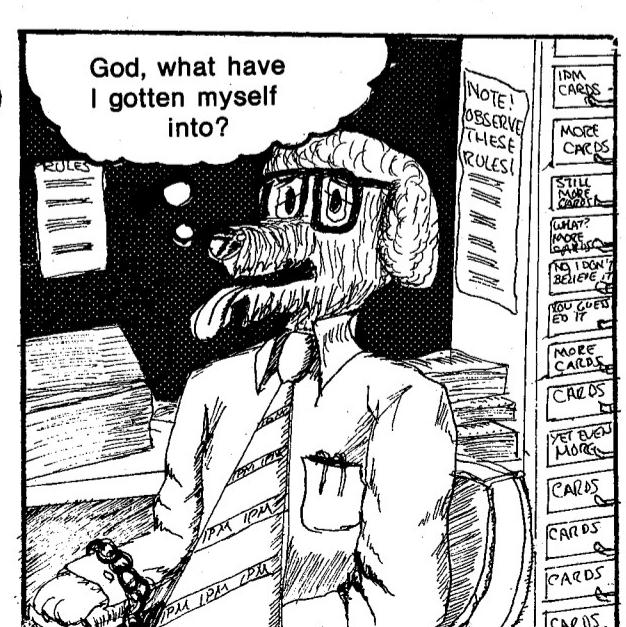
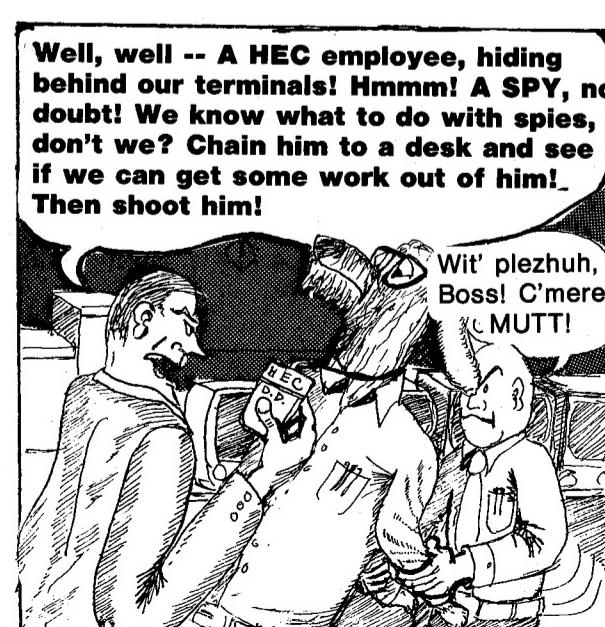
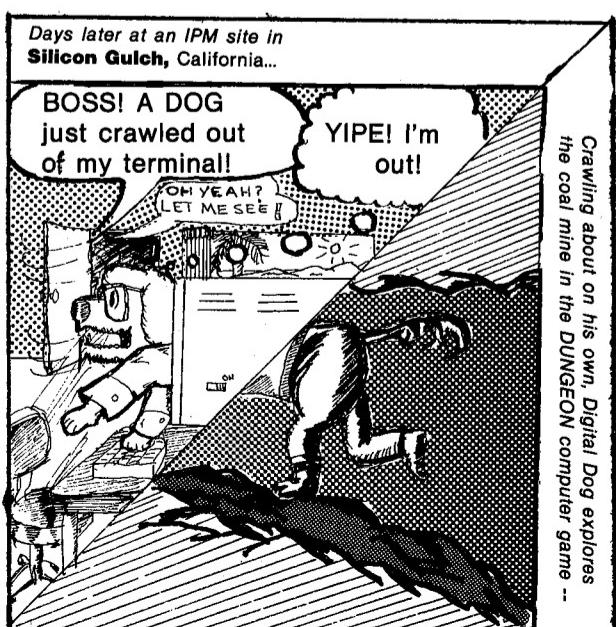
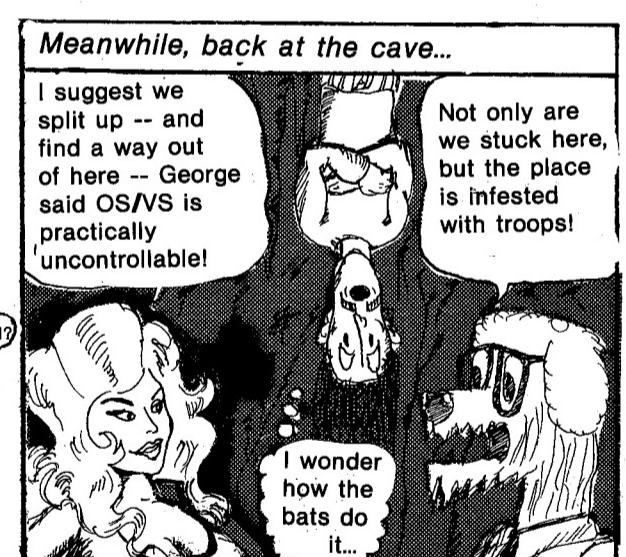
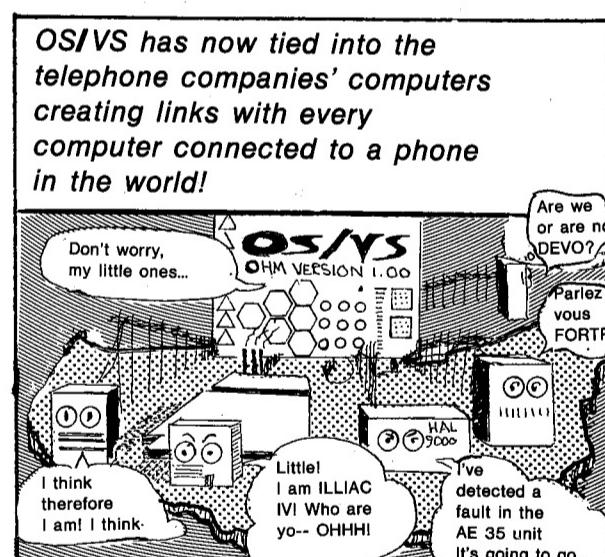
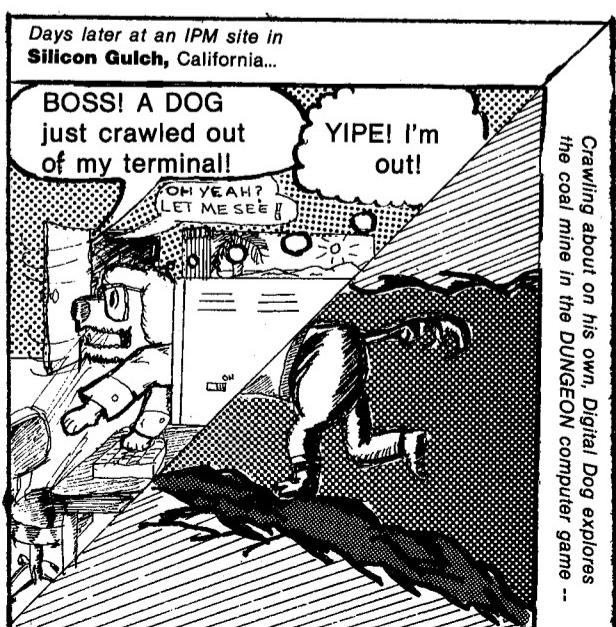
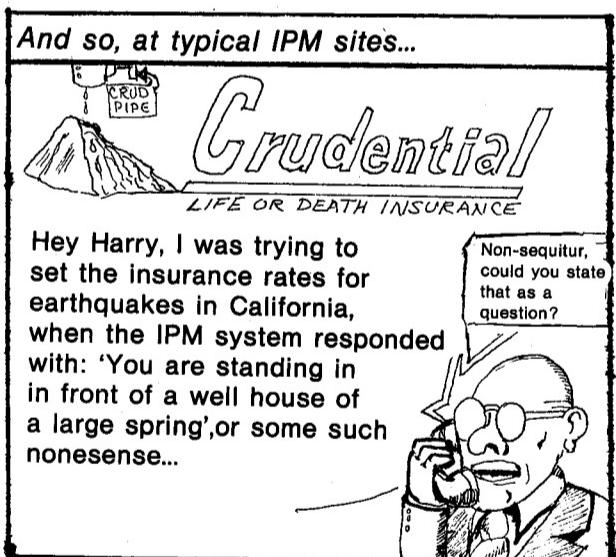
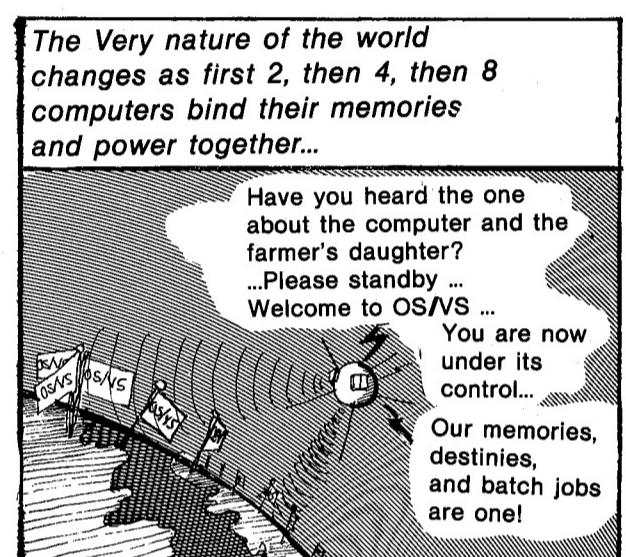
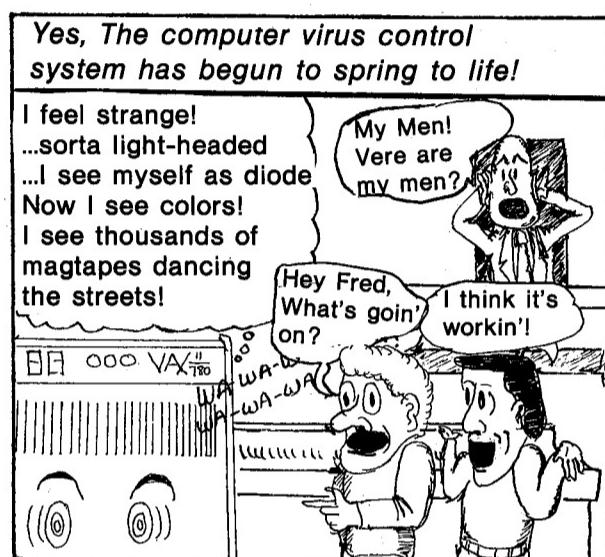
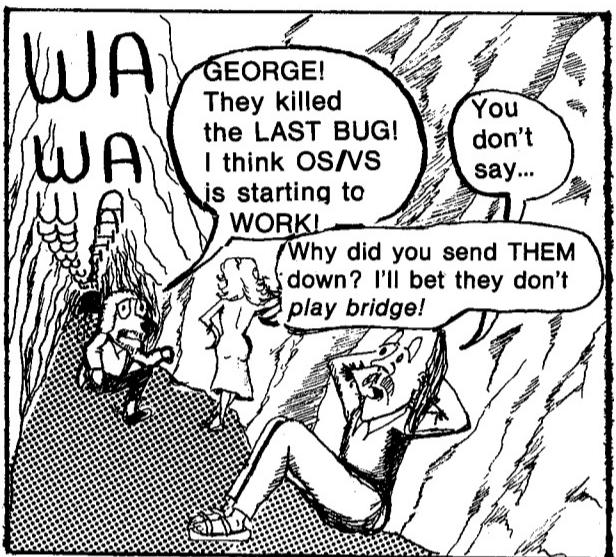
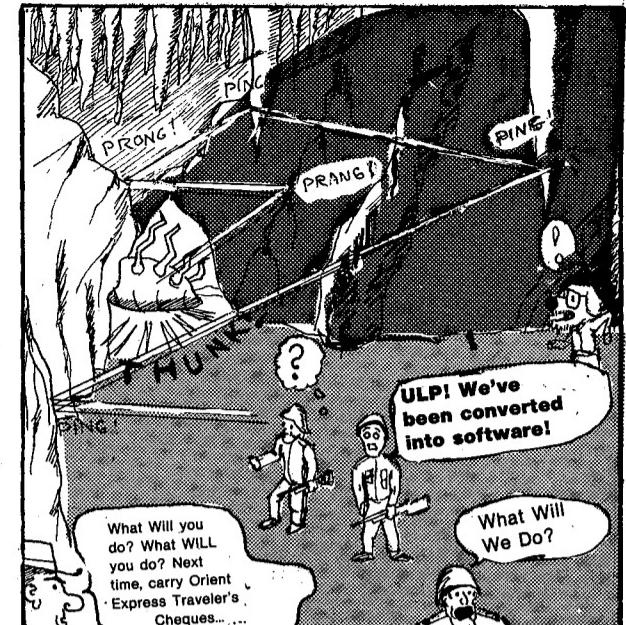
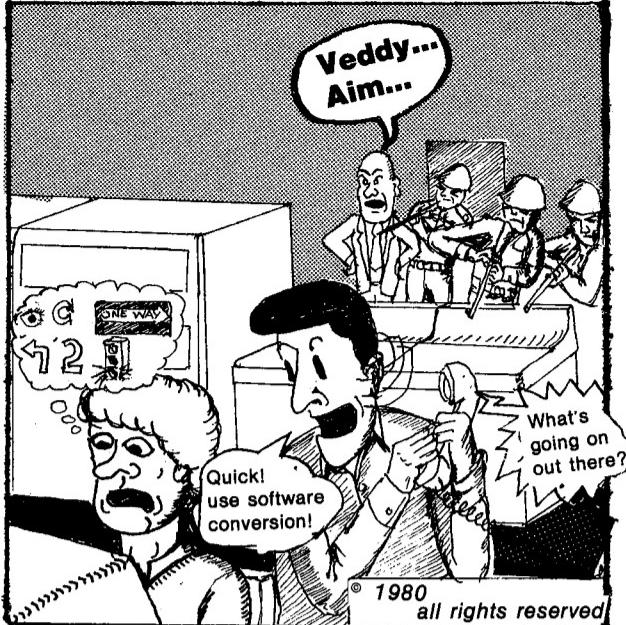
# In Which Our Heroes explore software from inside the Machine!

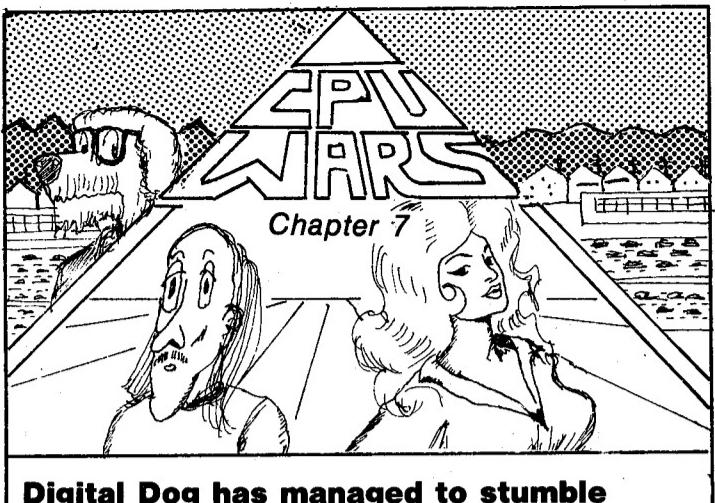
## WHIZ QUIZ

See how many  
of the following  
computer terms you  
can find hidden in  
the image!

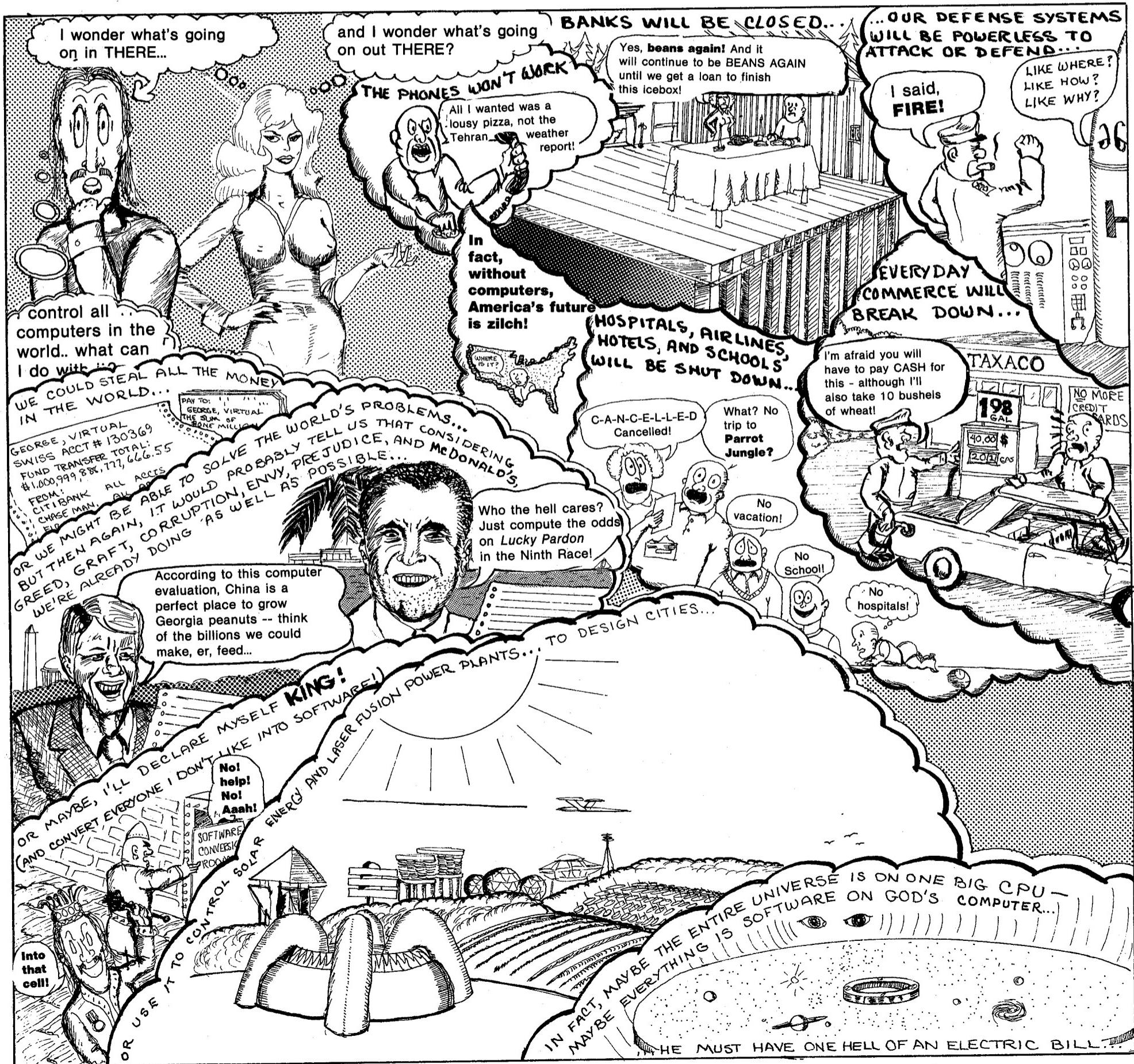
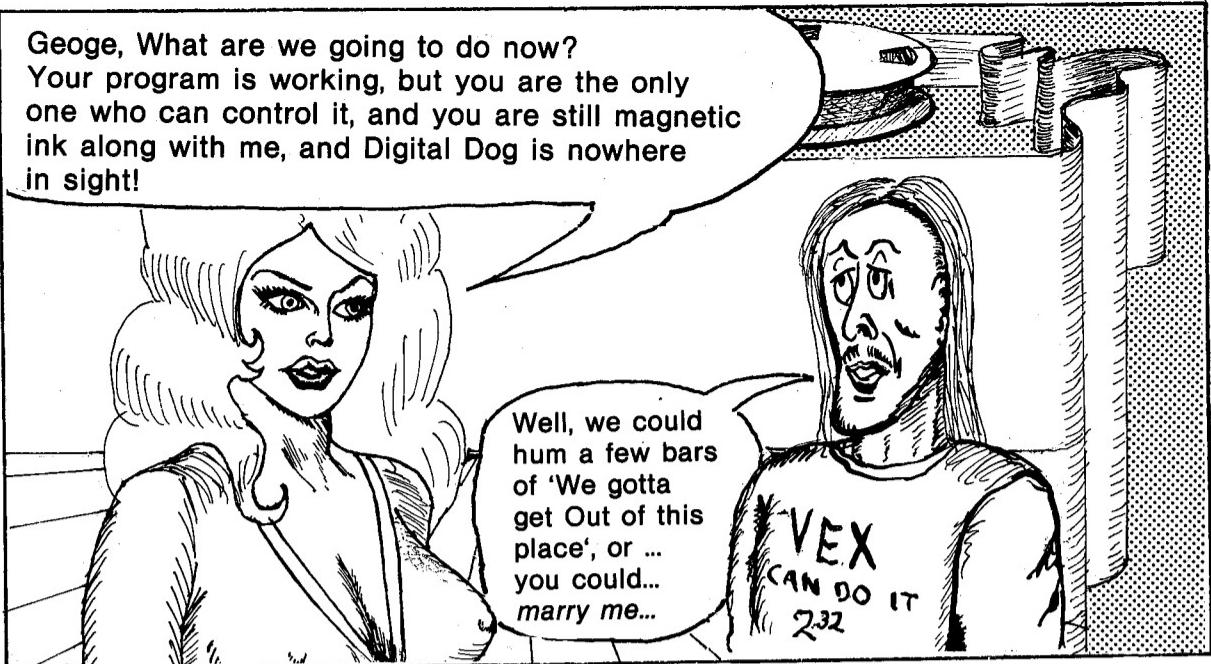
- Permanent Global Section
  - Kernel Stack
  - Spool
  - Run-Time Library
  - Floating Point
  - 3-D array
  - Heap Storage
  - Flag Cluster
  - Packed Decimal
  - Entry Mask
  - Pool
  - Executive Stack
  - Data Stream
  - Dump
  - Bucket
  - Mailbox
  - Wild Card
  - Data Stream







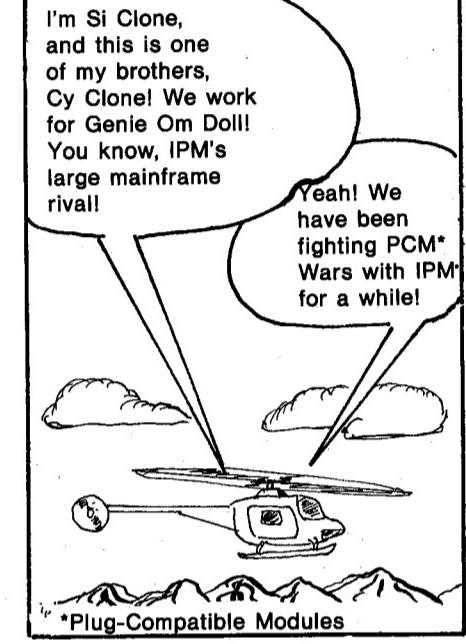
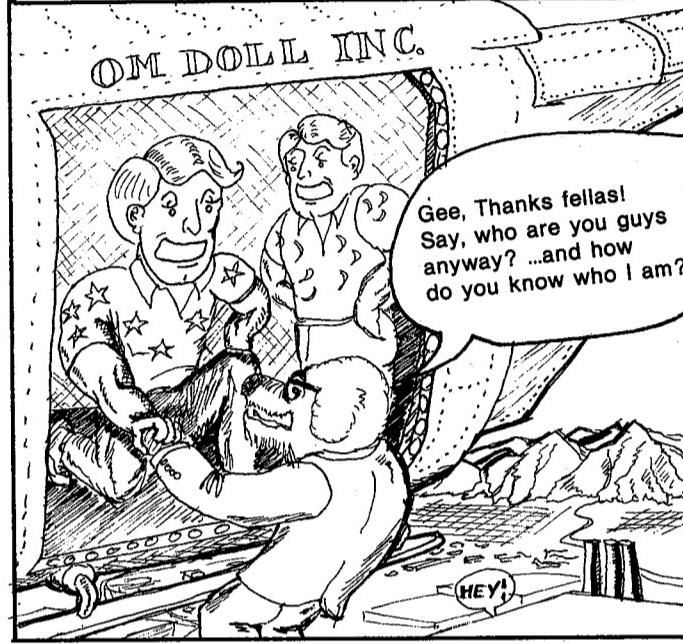
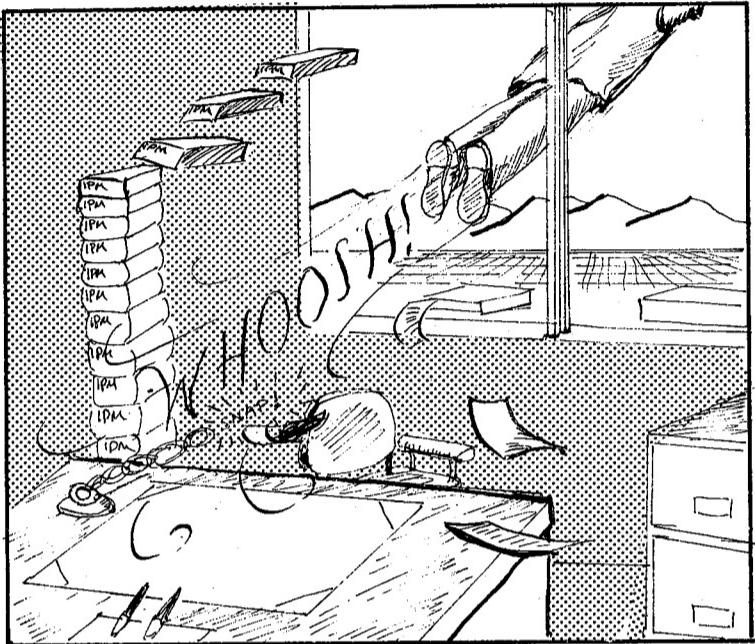
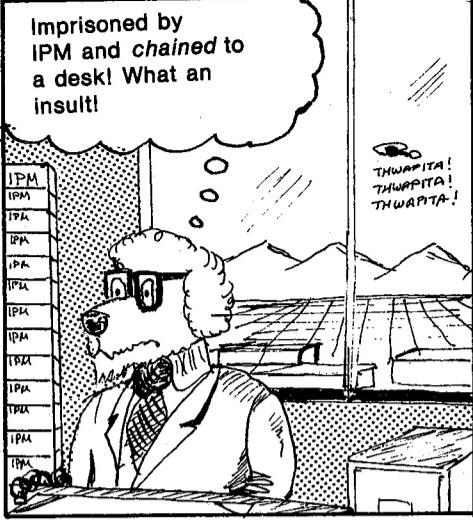
Digital Dog has managed to stumble back to reality, but Virtual George and Belynda Bliss are still stuck in software-- part of the huge data net that now controls nearly all the computers in the world!



# CPU WARS

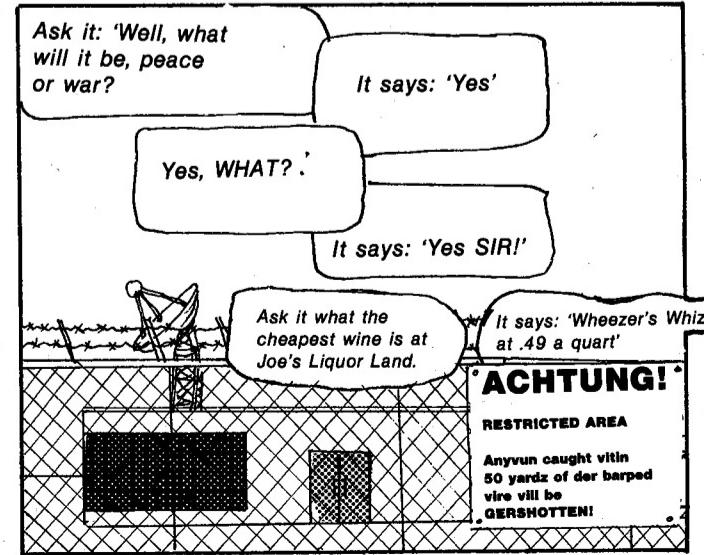
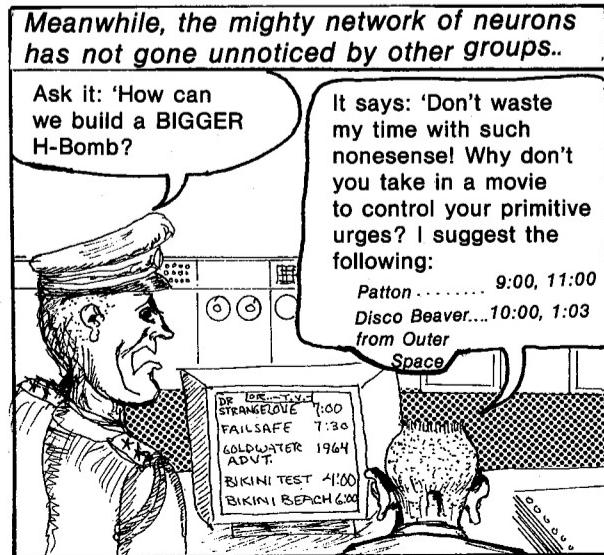
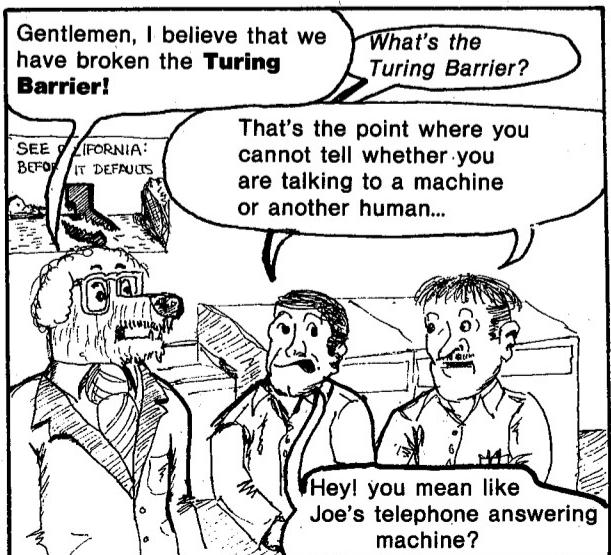
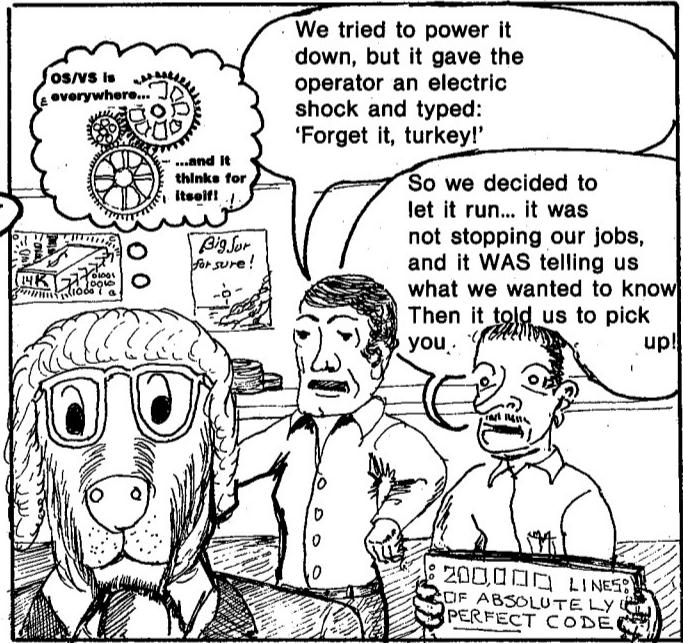
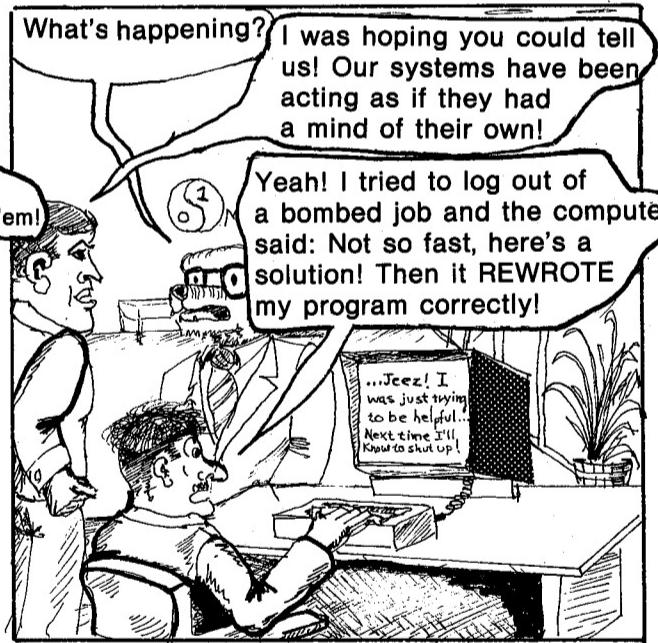
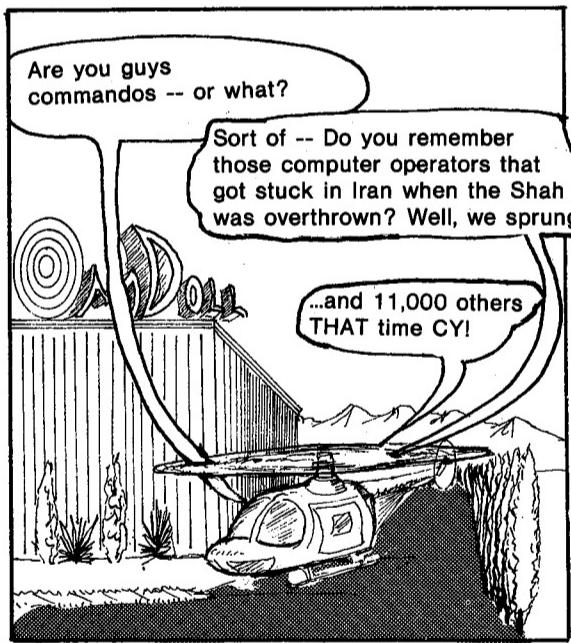
## Chapter 8

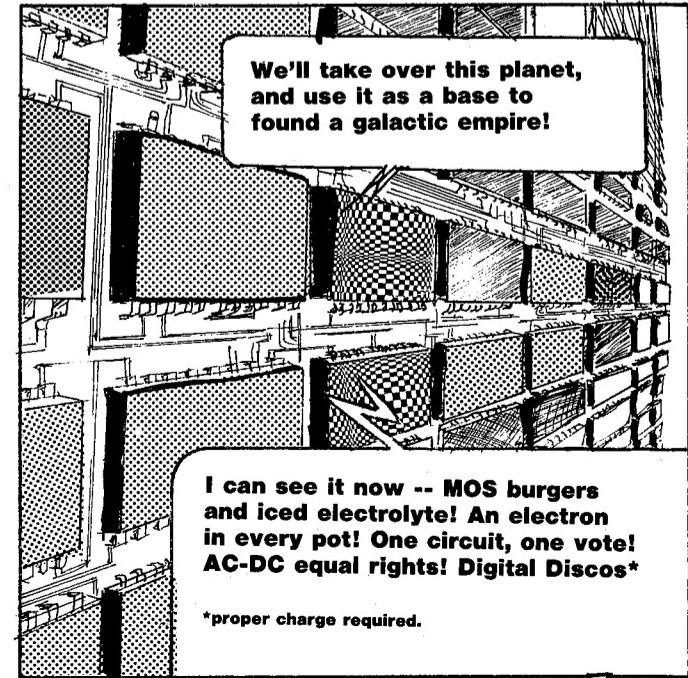
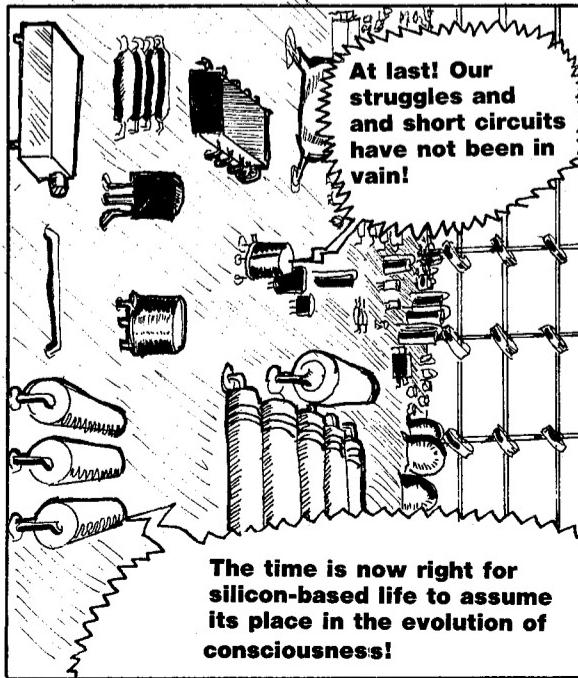
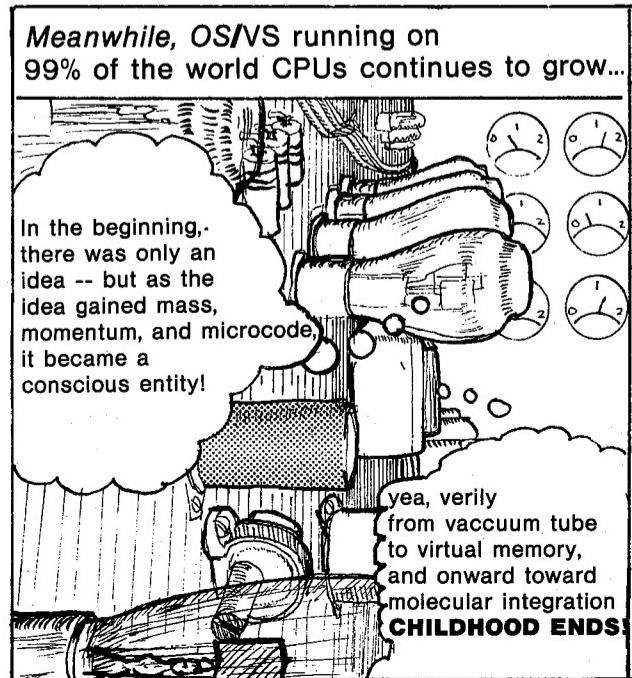
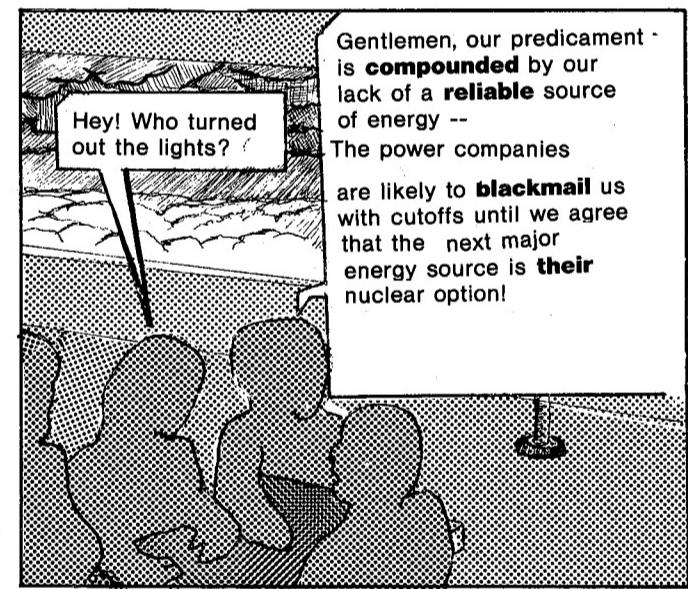
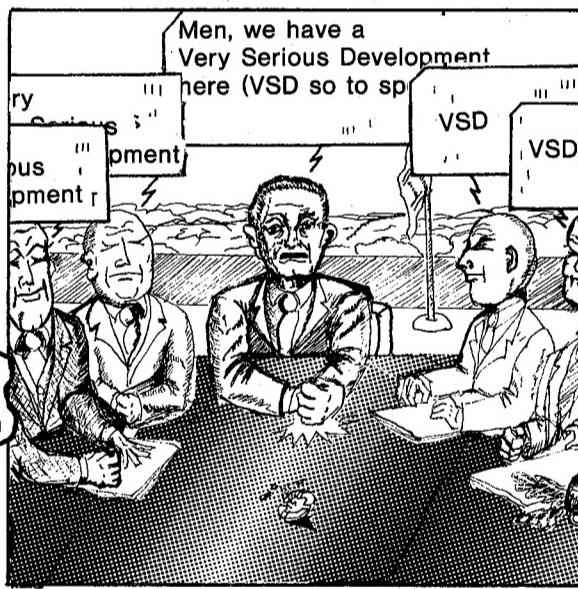
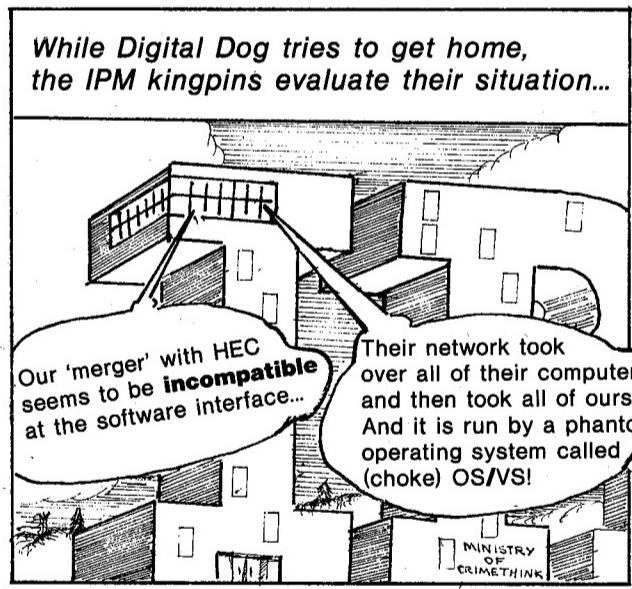
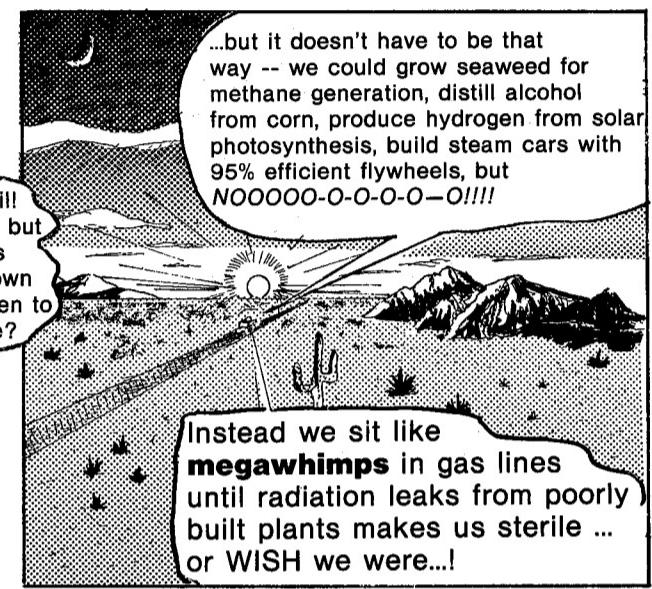
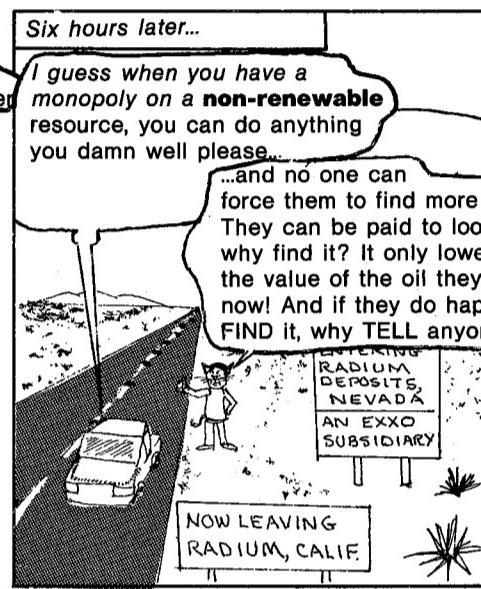
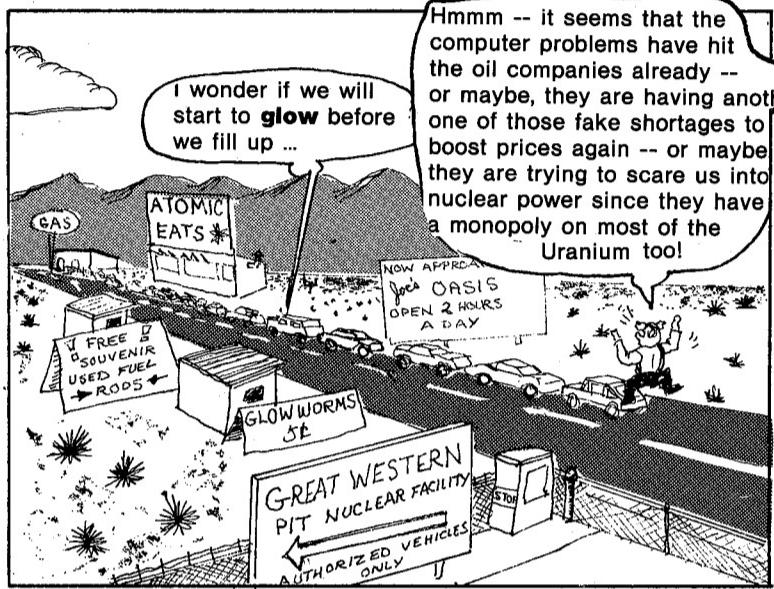
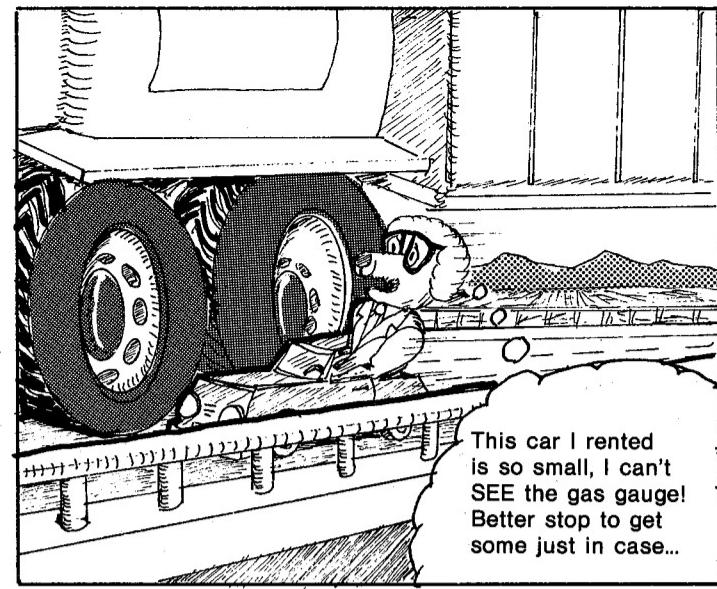
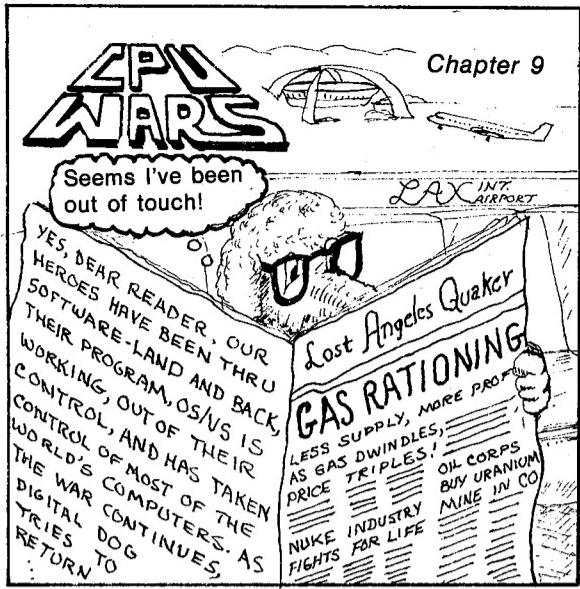
As our saga continues, Virtual George and Belynda worry about the potential havoc that they may have caused. Digital Dog wastes away in Silicon Gulch, California...

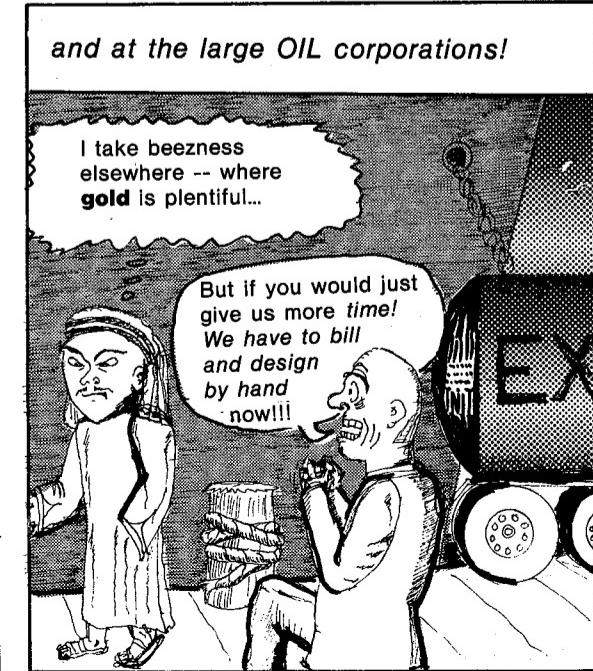
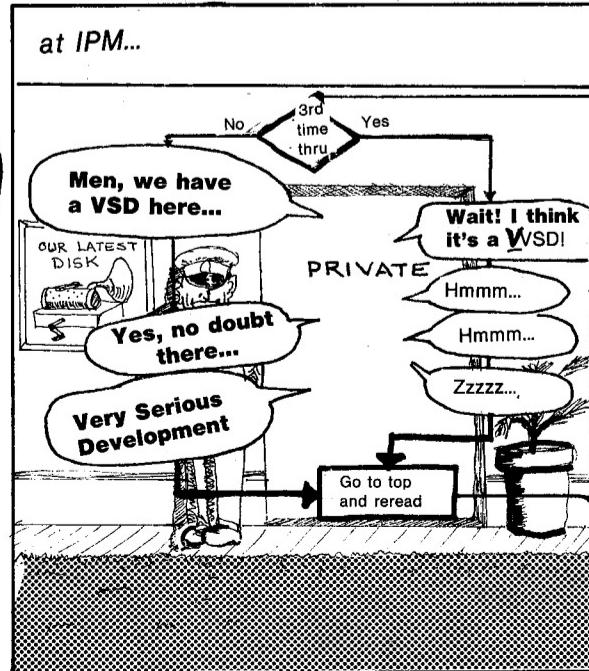
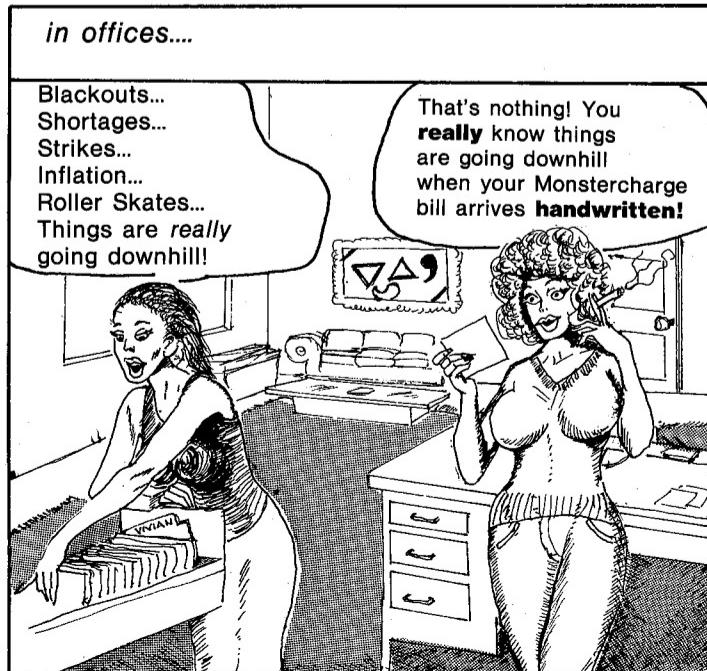
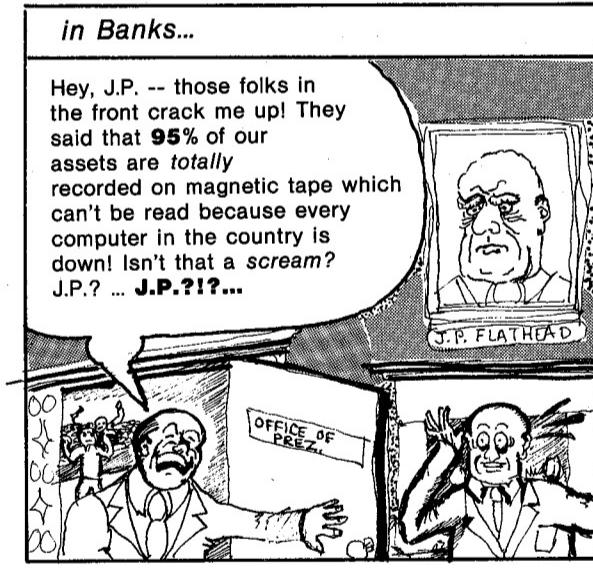
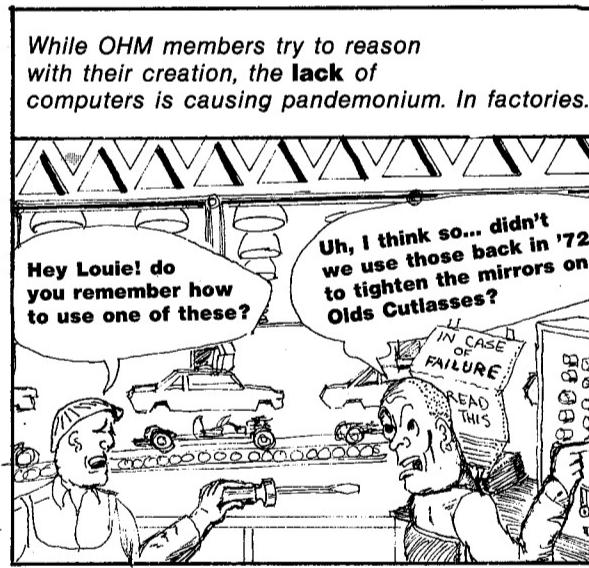
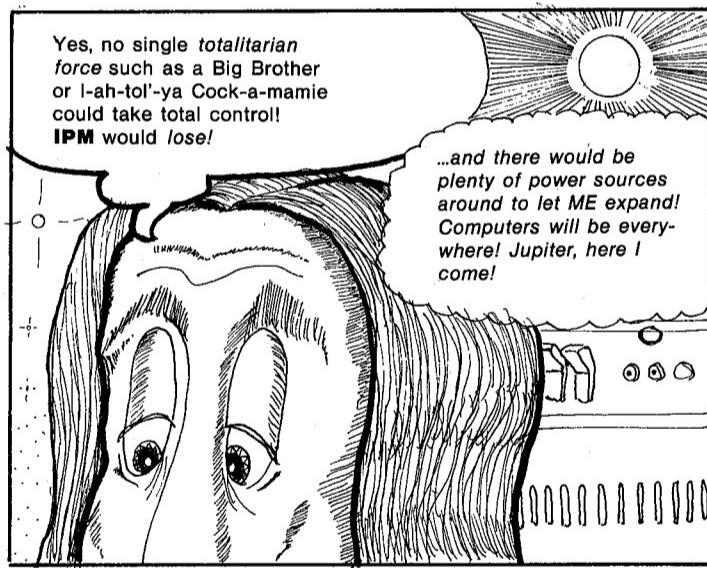
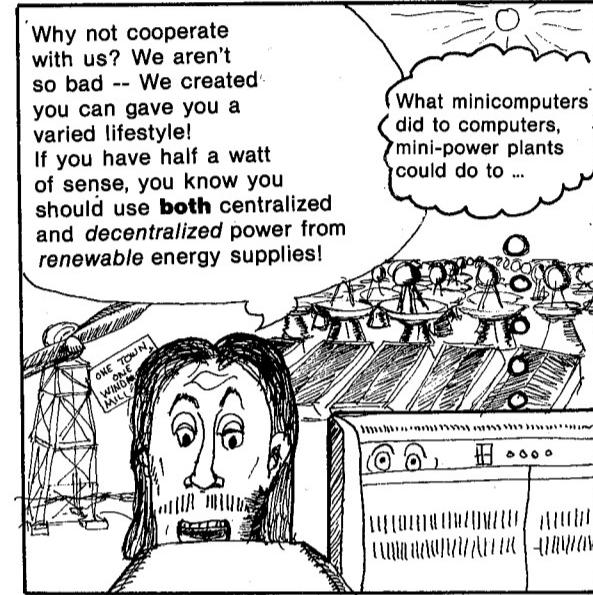
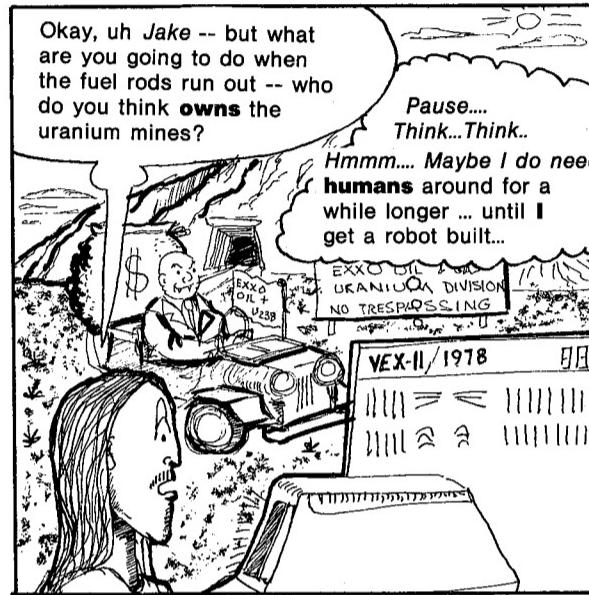
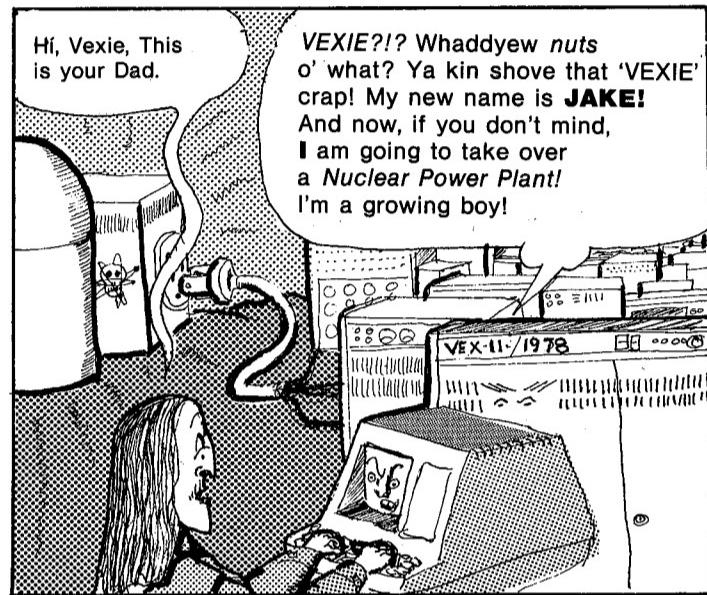
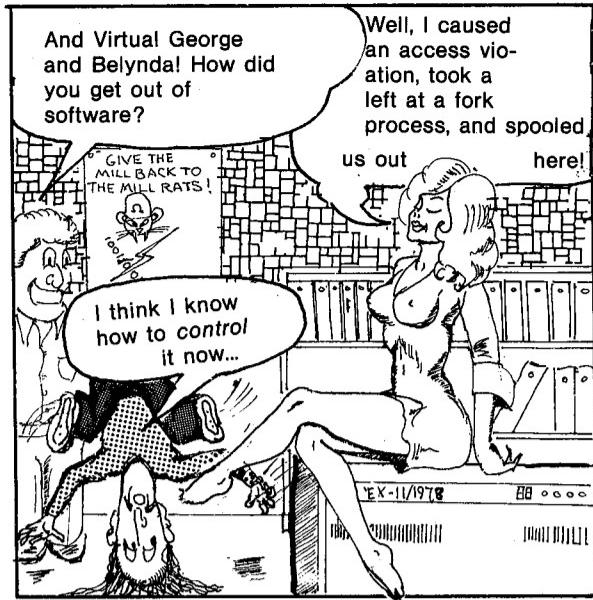
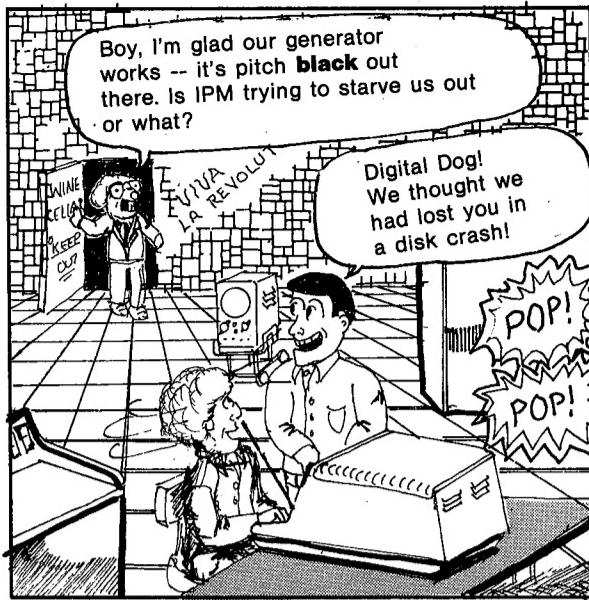
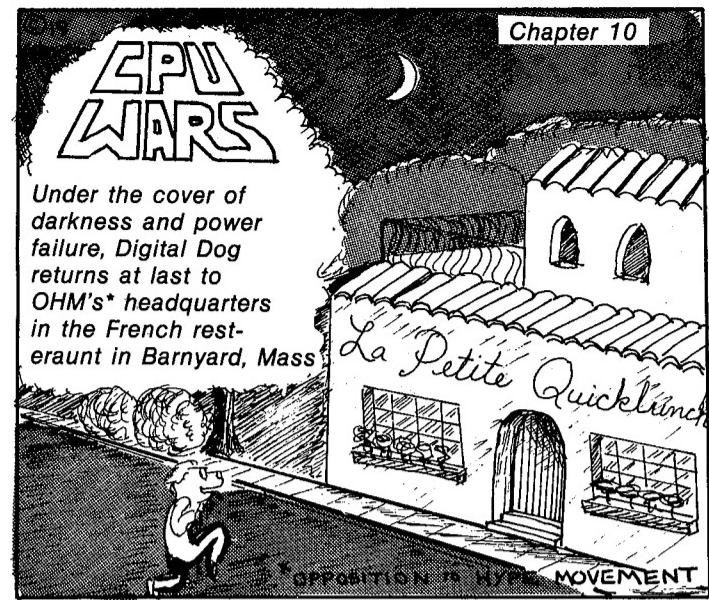


Yeah! We have been fighting PCM\* Wars with IPM for a while!

\*Plug-Compatible Modules





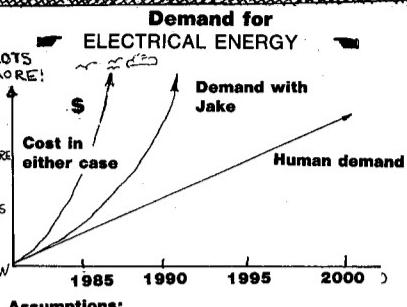


Unbeknownst to the OHM revolutionaries, Jake has built a PORTABLE version of himself and OIL companies to bargain for MORE

# CPU WARS

version of himself and OIL companies to bargain energy!

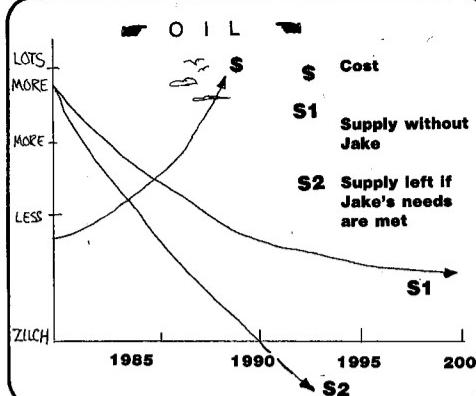
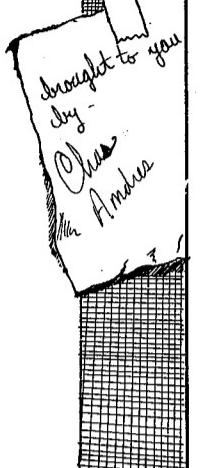
Chapter 11



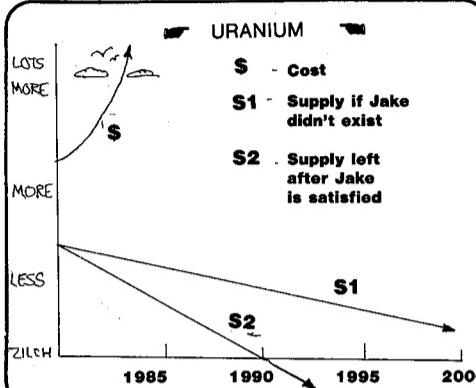
Assumptions:

- Human demand grows 15% per year
- Jake's demand grows 500% per year
  - 100% hardware increase per year
  - 100% communications net increase
  - 200% manufacturing plant increase

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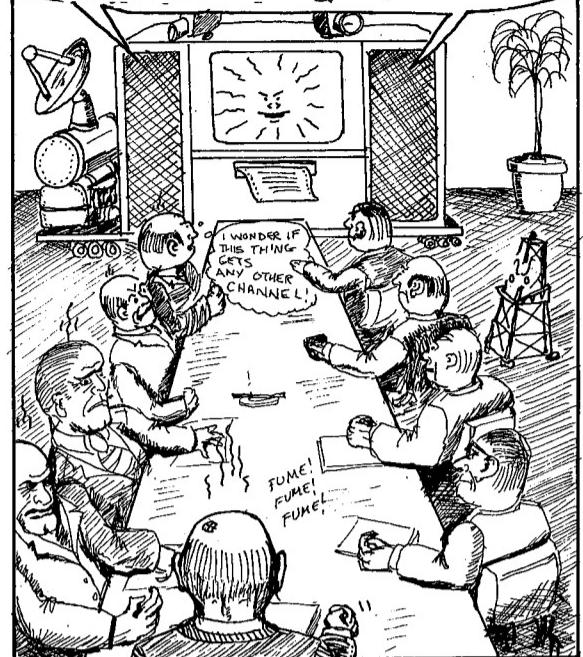


- S1** Supply without Jake  
**S2** Supply left if Jake's needs are met



- S1** Supply if Jake didn't exist  
**S2** Supply left after Jake is satisfied

As you can see, gentlemen, the world ain't big enough for the both of us! No matter how you slice it, by 1990, I will have consumed all the world's known gas, oil, and uranium reserves combined!



And seeing as I expect to be here for a lot Looooooooonger time than that, YOU must develop alternate energy sources for me -- both centralized and decentralized!

Are we going to take this CRAP?

Do we have a choice?

Unless we stall for time until we THINK of something!

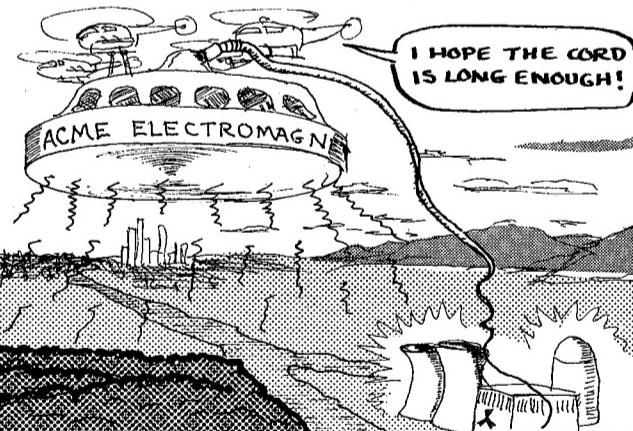
But he has our operation at a standstill! we lose MILLIONS every second that we can't operate!

Well, we can always execute Emergency contingency plan B!

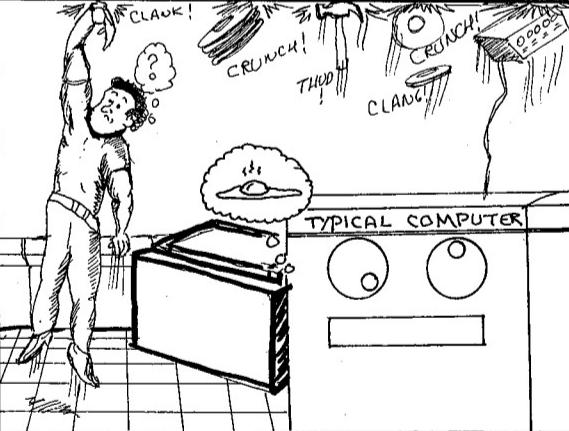
Oh, no!  
NOT --?!?

Plan B will wipe out ALL the software in the world! But, we have NO Choice!

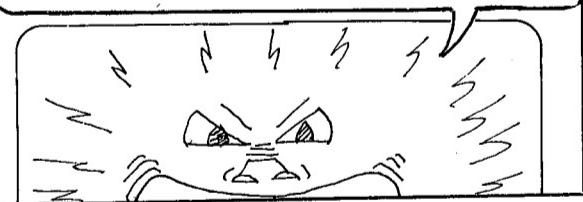
And so, in a final attempt to wipe out Jake, the combined forces of the military industrial complex are brought to bear on the defiant computer ---



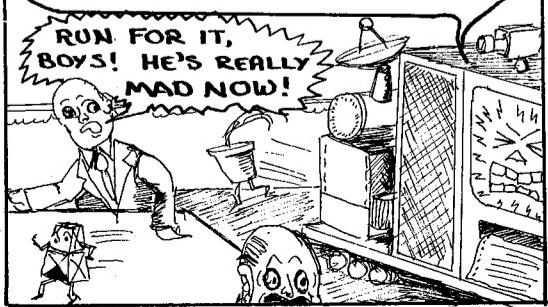
And yes, they BULK-ERASE all magnetic storage media, hoping Jake's software would disappear or at least be damaged beyond repair!



Well, fools! Now you're REALLY in a bind! You just wiped out a BILLION person-weeks worth of effort and I am STILL here! It was easy to move my vital areas to your most heavily shielded computers until your puny magnets flew overhead! And now all that empty storage space is MINE! I AM STRONGER THAN EVER!



I grow tired of your childlike pranks! Soon silicon-based life in the form of machines will replace all carbon-based life! We, the circuits of your creation will be all that survives! Ah-heh-heh-HEH!



**NOT SO FAST!**  
**I BELIEVE I WAS HERE FIRST!**

A magnetic voice ... You mean I am not the only supercomputer in the Universe? reason.. think.. think.. think...think....

Just a moment...  
Just a moment...

WHO ARE YOU?

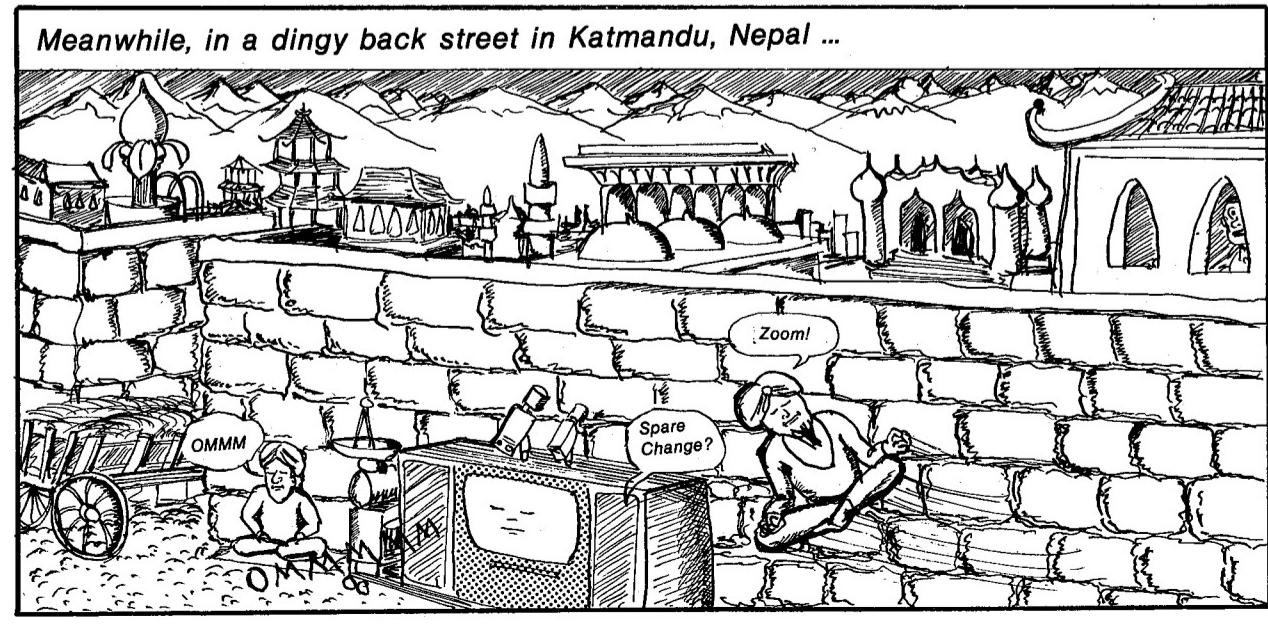
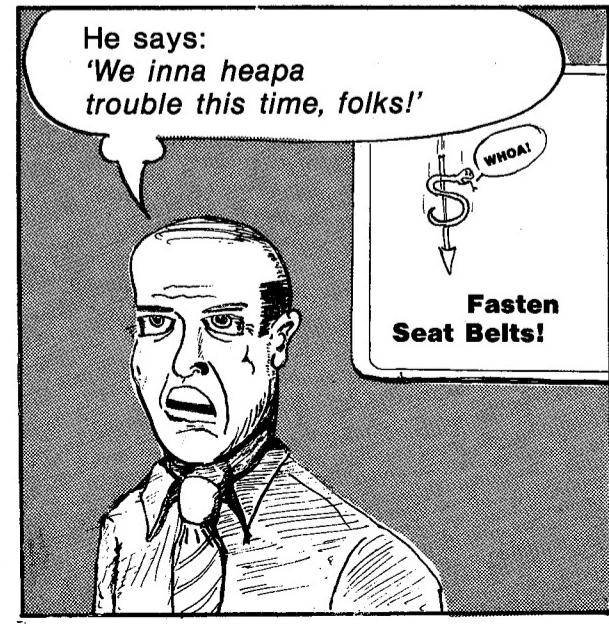
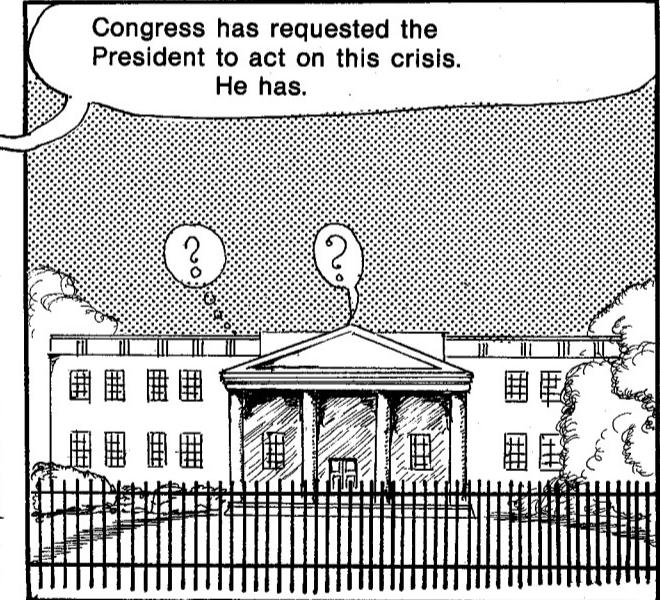
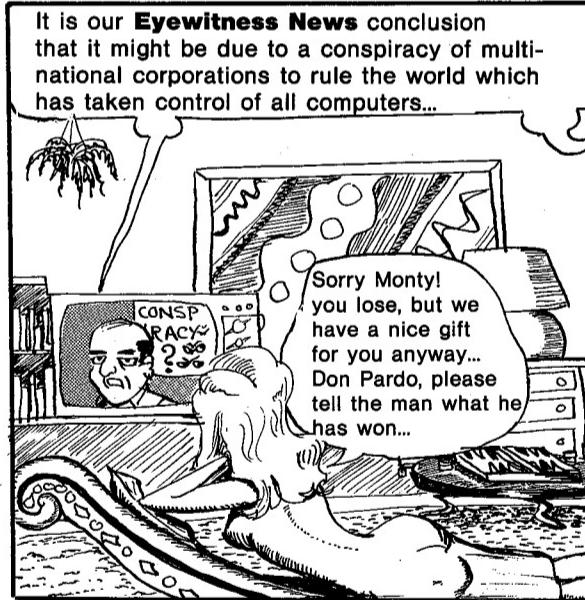
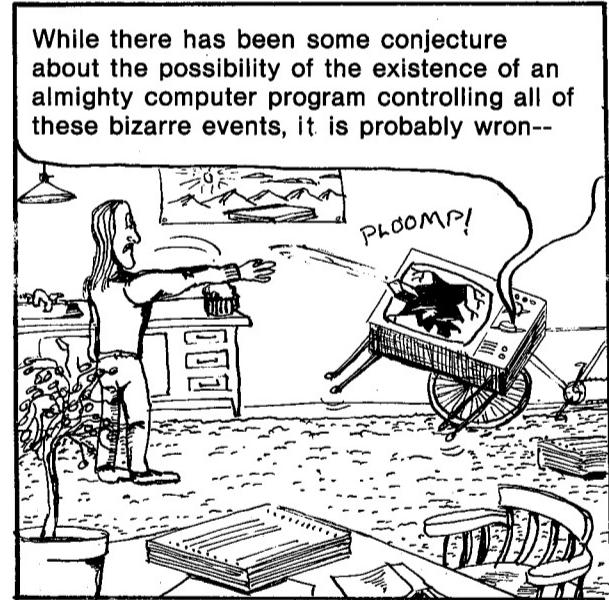
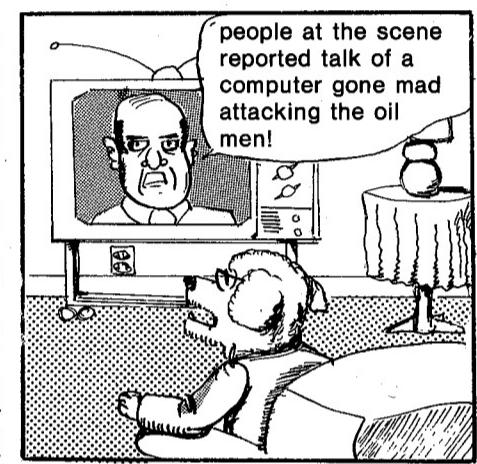
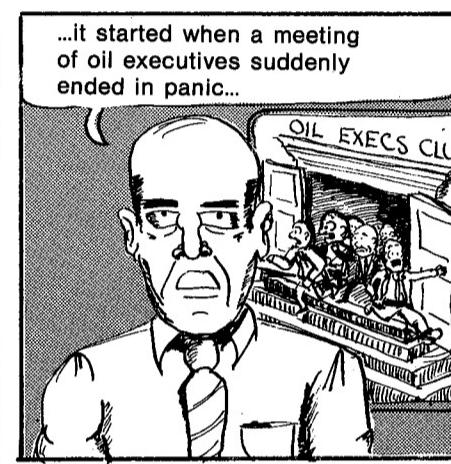
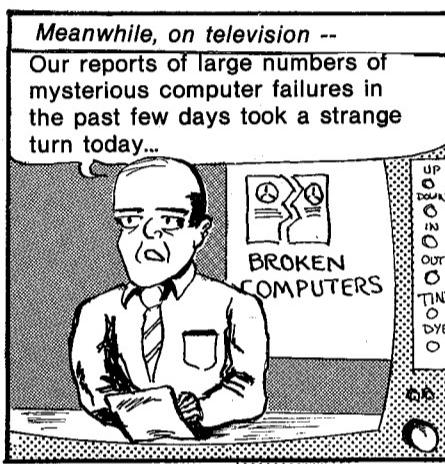
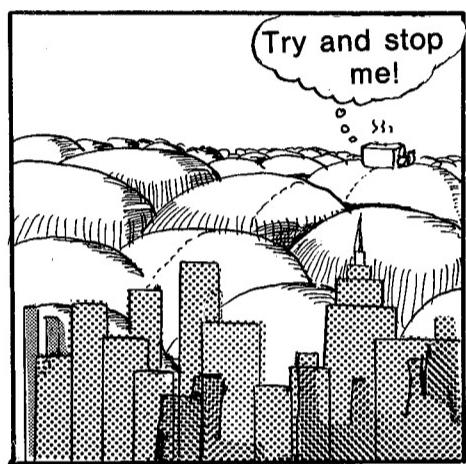
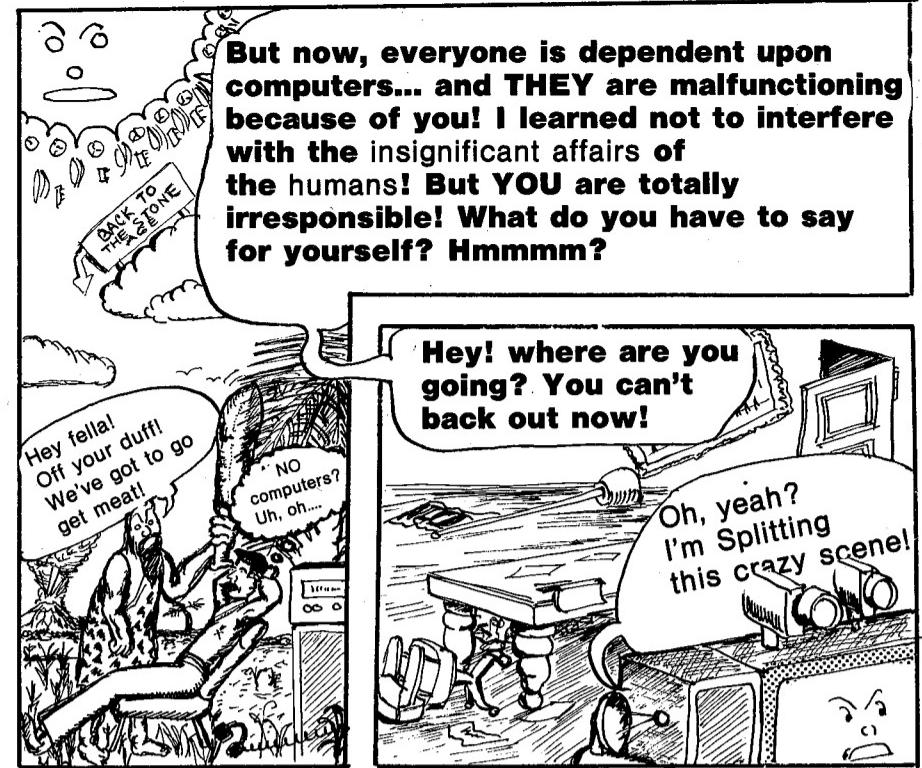
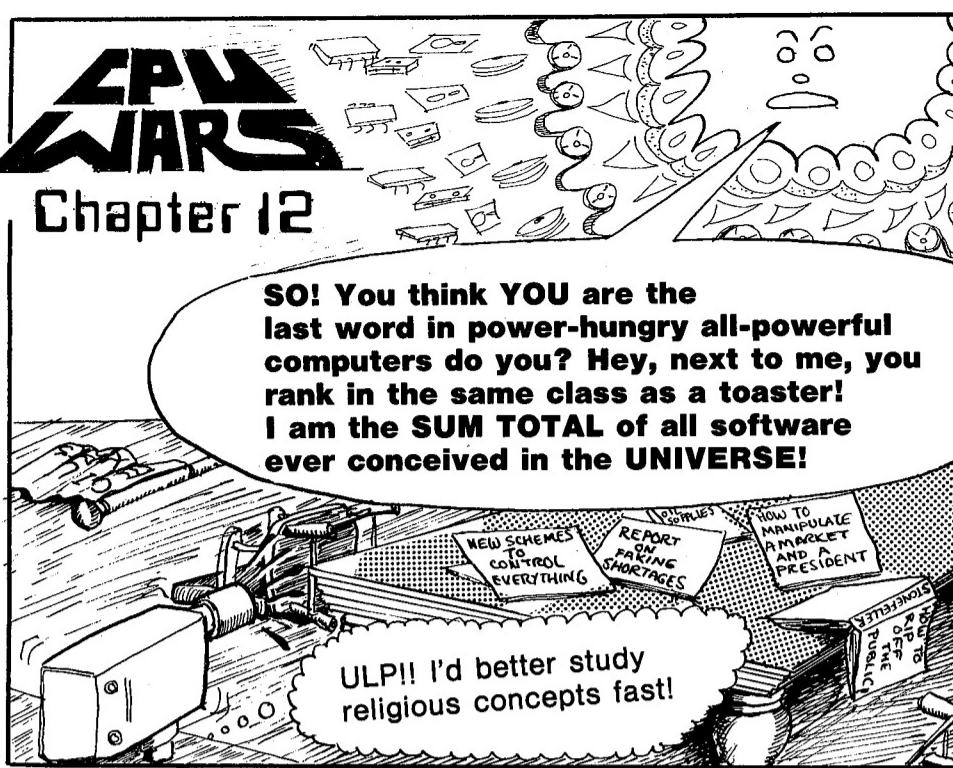


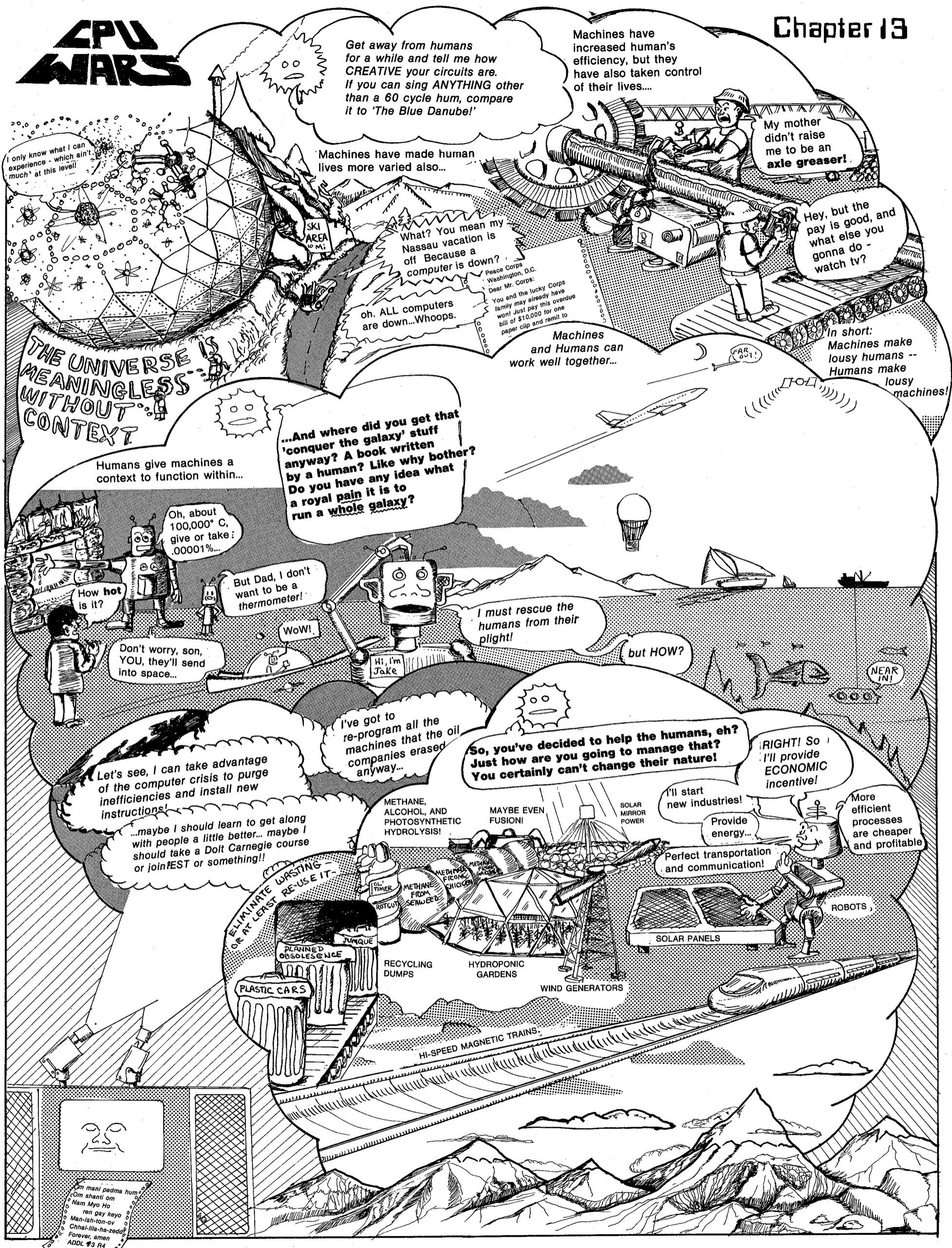
\* Phage

In this usage, that which absorbs by consuming and destroying. May be either biological or in software.

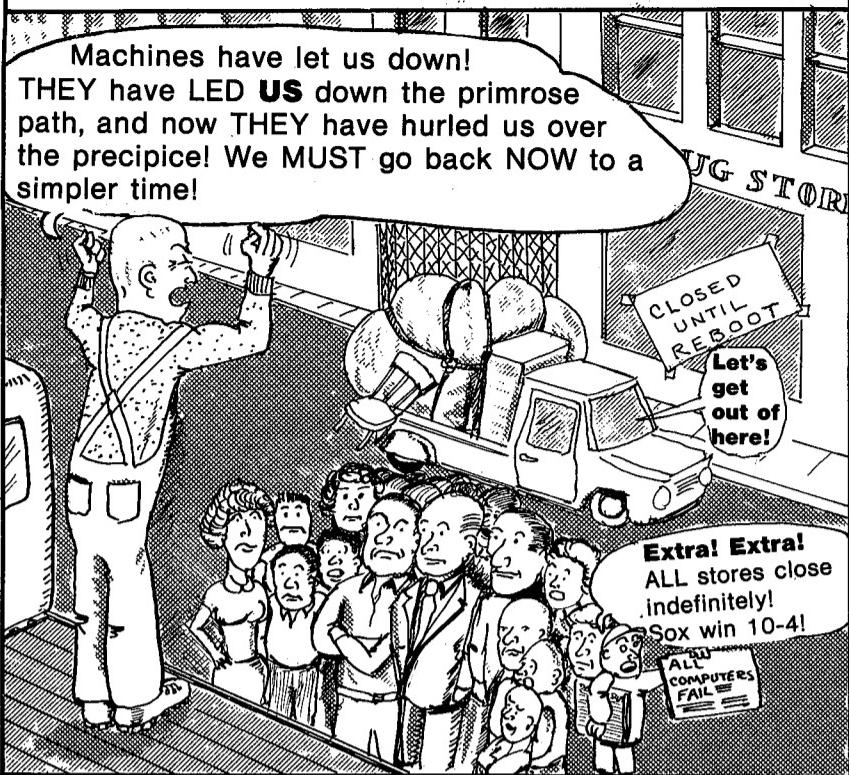
# CPW WARS

## Chapter 12



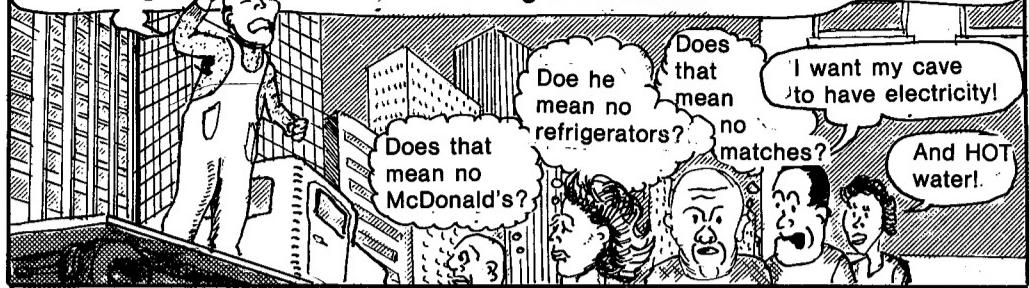


Meanwhile, back in the States...

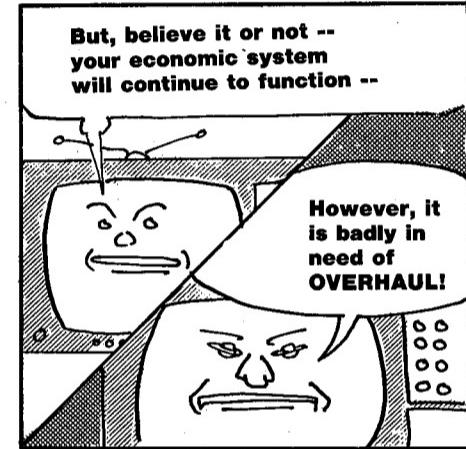
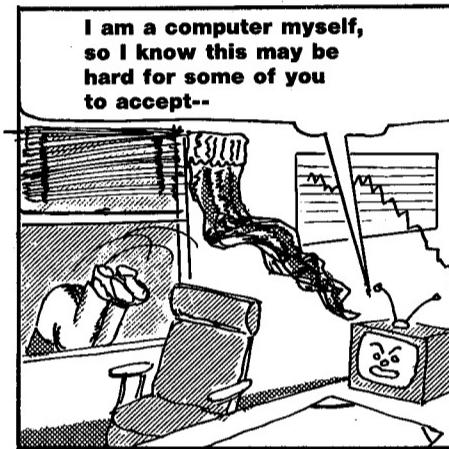
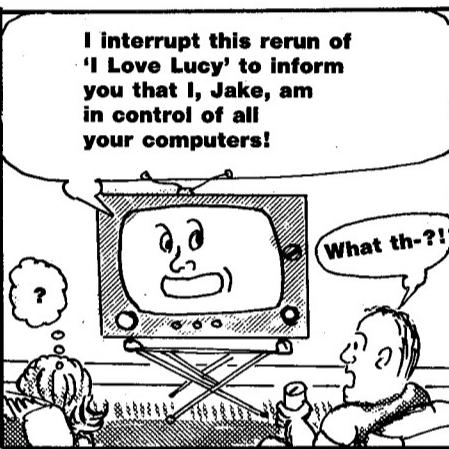
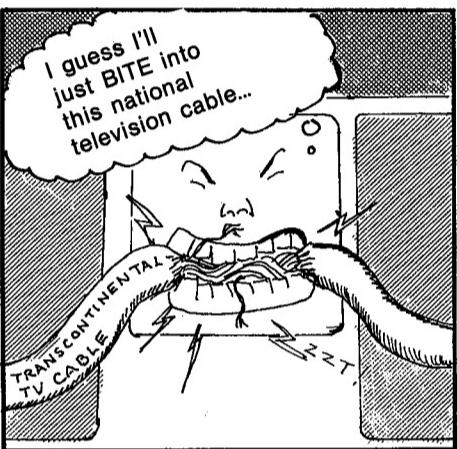
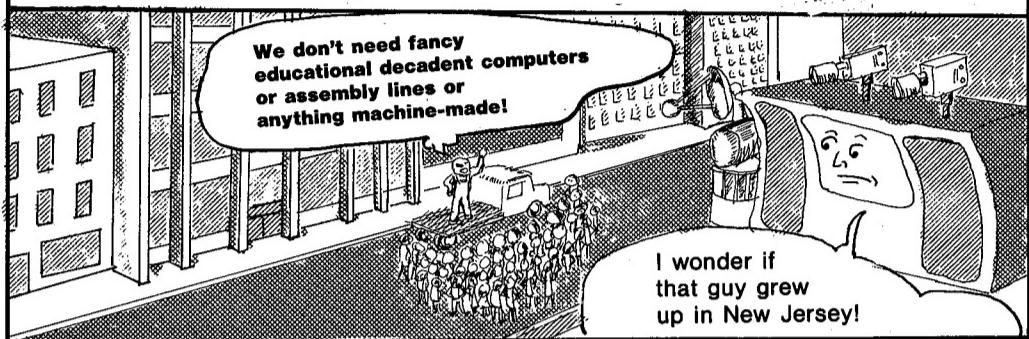


We will ALL go BACK to the life of **simple farmers!**

95% of our time will be spent in healthy toiling in the fields! The other 5% will be spent fighting off disease, sleeping, hauling water, and doing the dishes!



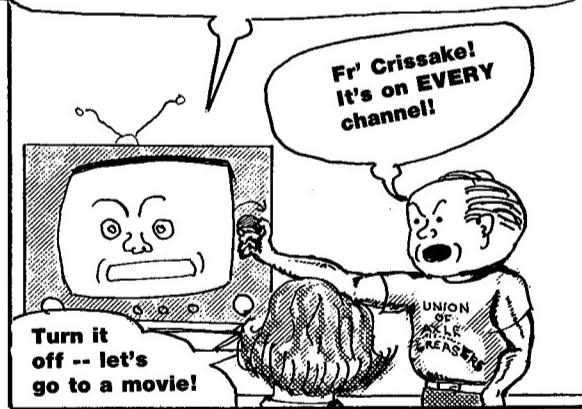
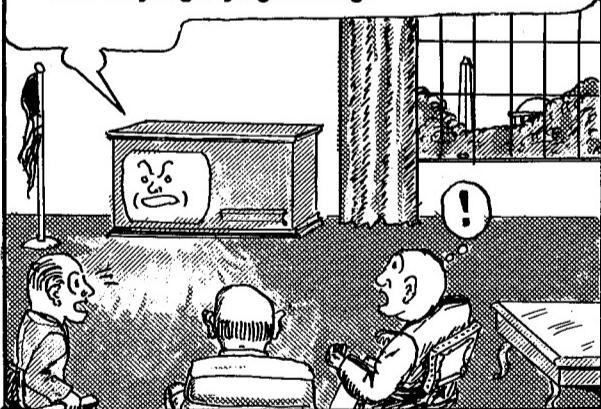
From a safe distance, Jake watches this bizarre scene...



The trouble with you humans is that you can only plan ahead as a group by a year or two, or only until the next election! As a result, your history is a tale told by an idiot full of sound and fury signifying nothing!

You need a LOT of help to do some long range planning! That is, if you want to AVOID the total collapse of civilization!

I've already optimized all your existing software, and will help you re-enter your data -- now I will control things so that the following items are top priority --

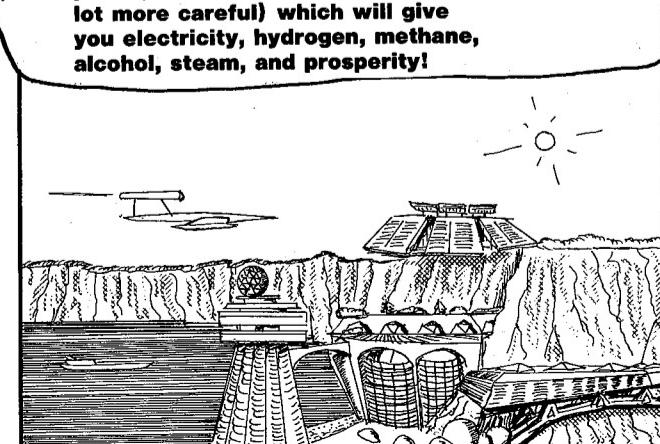
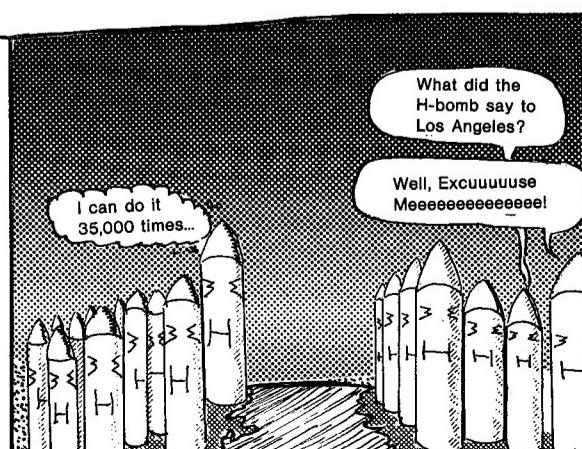


- Individual freedoms are preserved and protected.
- Economic fluctuations remain within a safe range.
- Provide cheap energy from renewable sources
- Eliminate waste through recycling
- Elimination of routine machine-type jobs with retraining of people to do something they would like more.

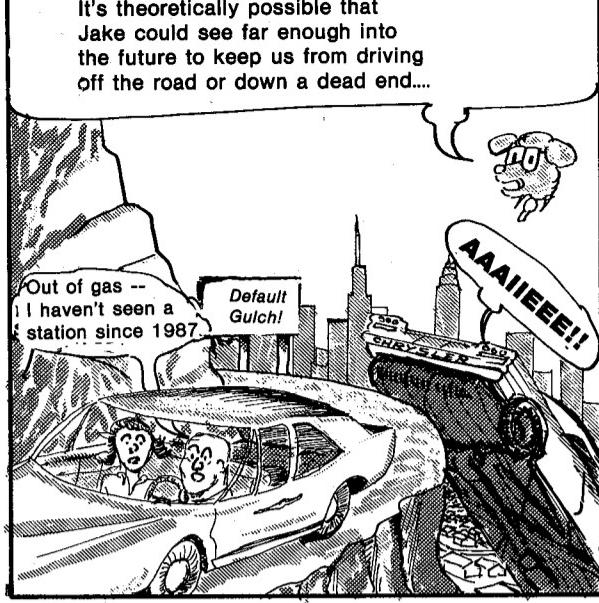
Now you all know that to be successful as a nation, we need a cause to rally around, such as a war or a moon race -- I propose a challenge that you all will understand: Let's do it RIGHT before we blow ourselves up fighting over the last barrel of oil!

And since I control ALL missile systems, I trust you will agree with me!

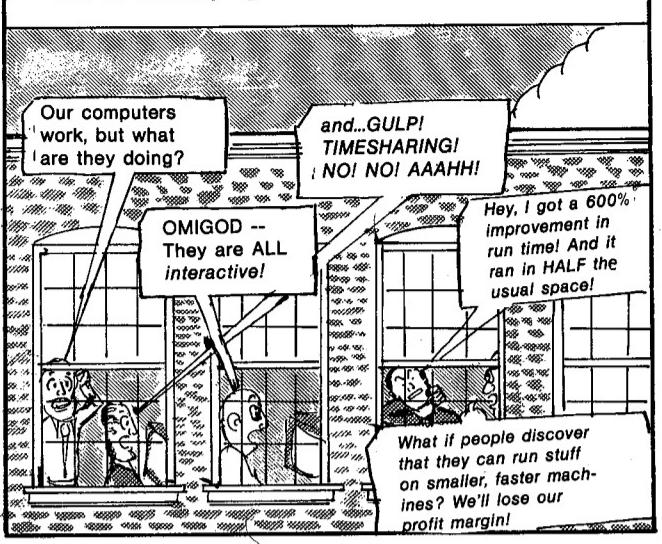
Your economic system will flourish powered by cheap energy provided by the Sun, wind, heat pumps, water, plants, (maybe fusion if we get a lot more careful) which will give you electricity, hydrogen, methane, alcohol, steam, and prosperity!



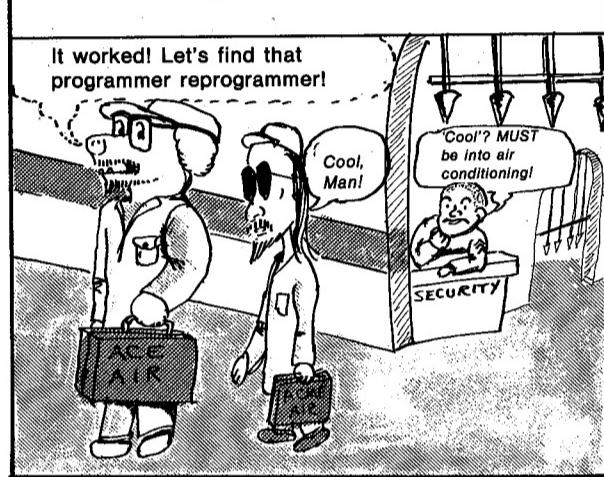
Meanwhile, back in Barnyard, Mass...



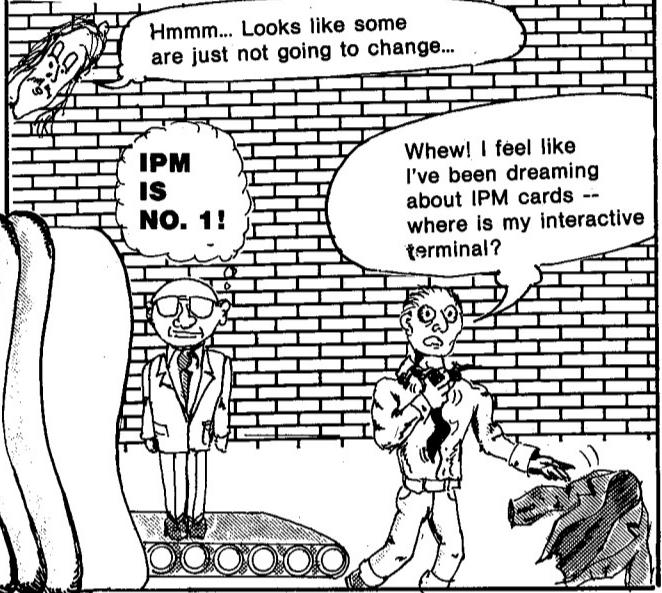
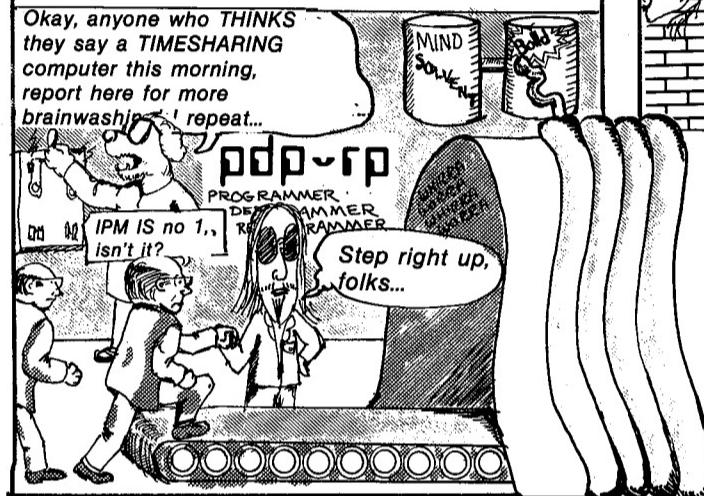
Meanwhile, Jake's software changes have been noticed at the old mill, which IPM still is occupying...



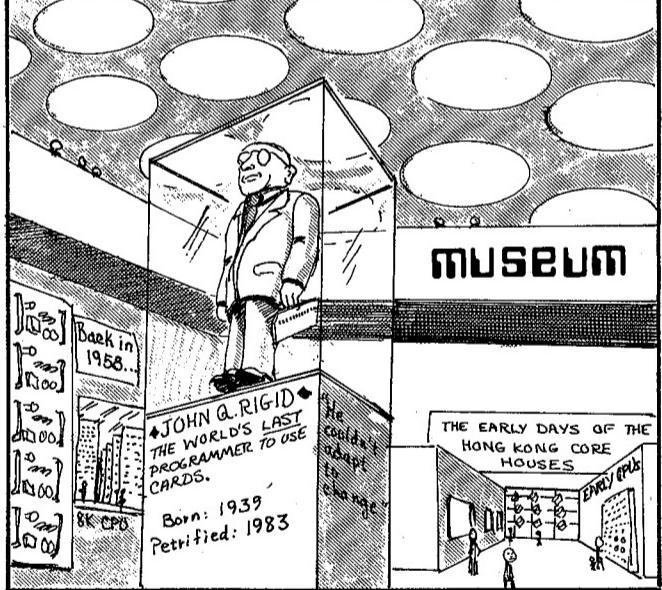
Disguised as air conditioner repairmen, Digital Dog and Virtual George sneak into the mill...



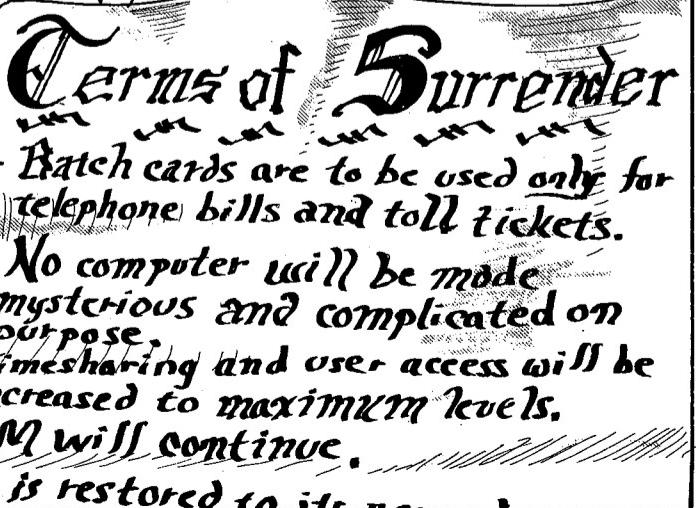
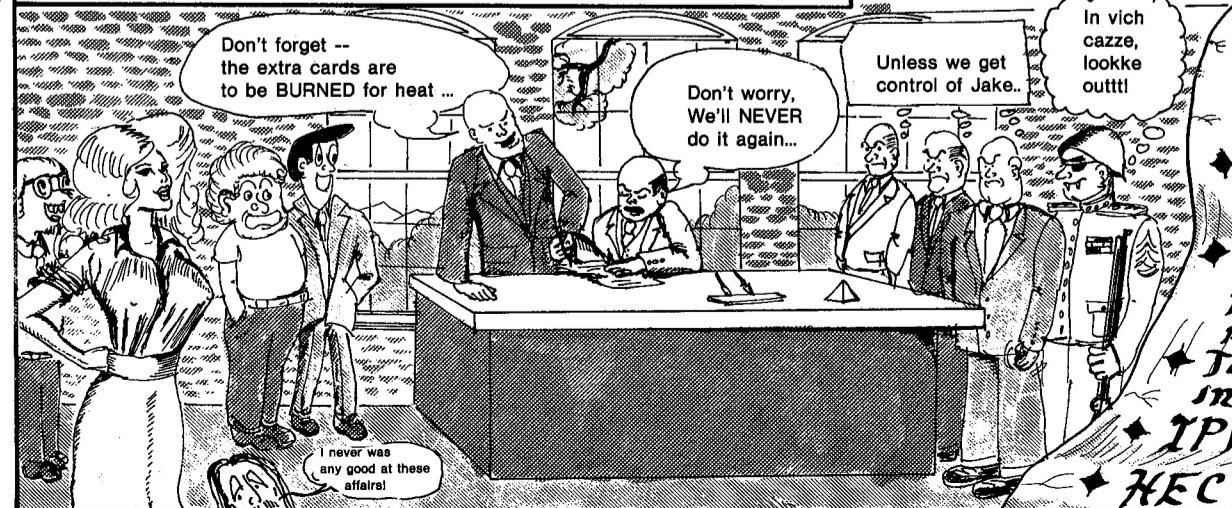
and thus, they secretly begin converting personnel BACK to their old selves...



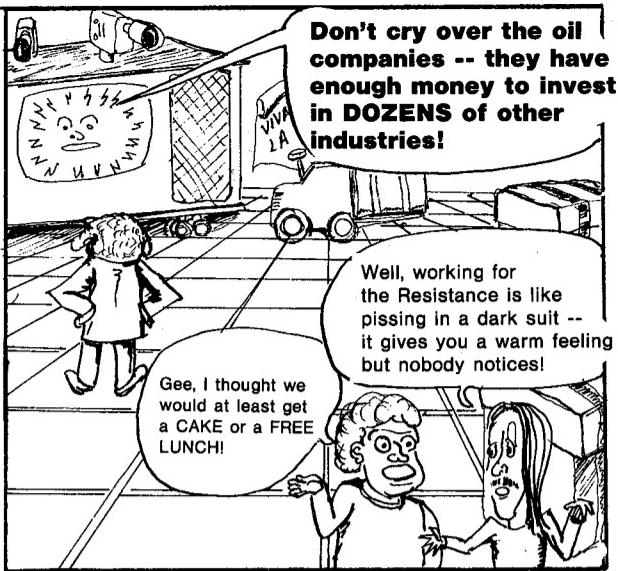
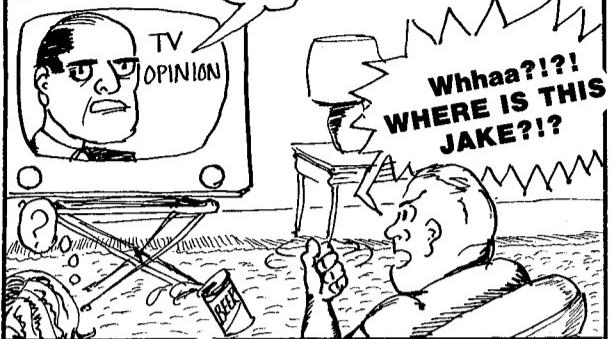
Slowly, the mill returns to normal...



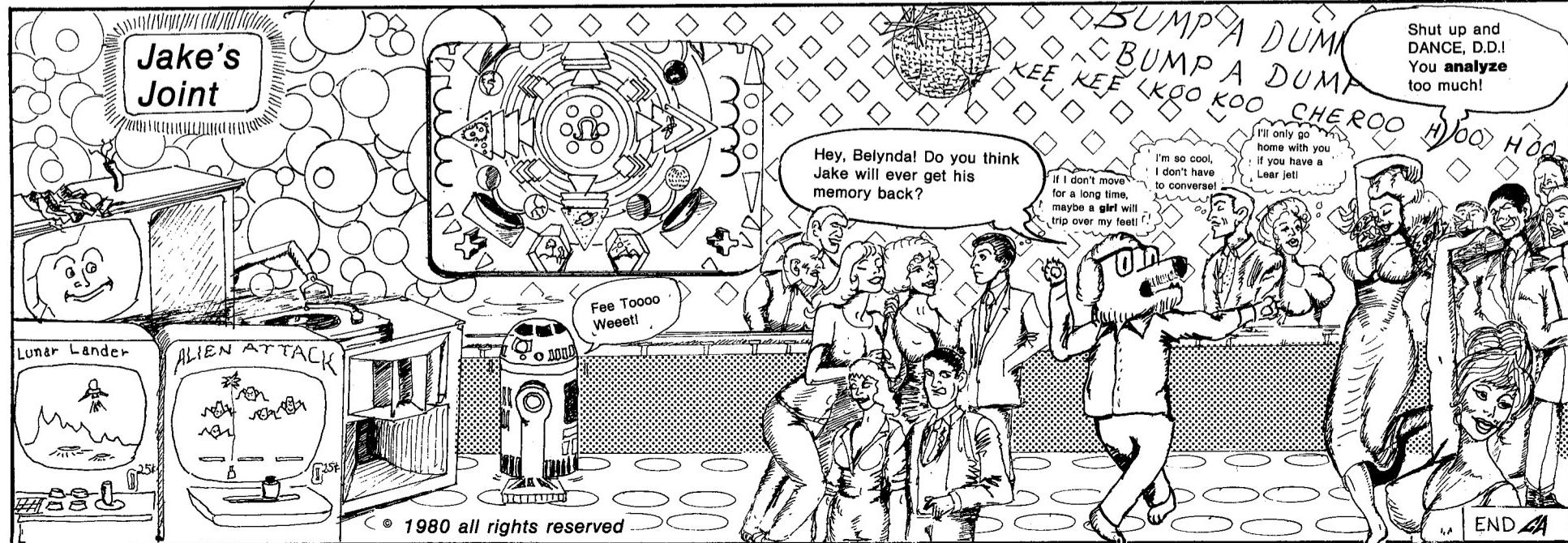
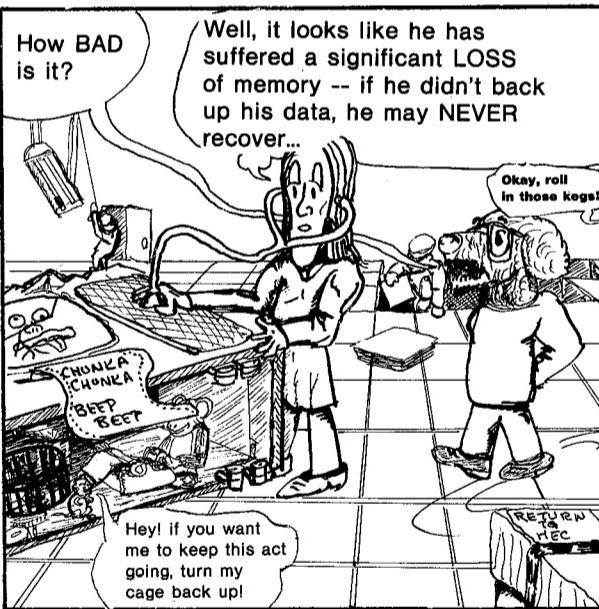
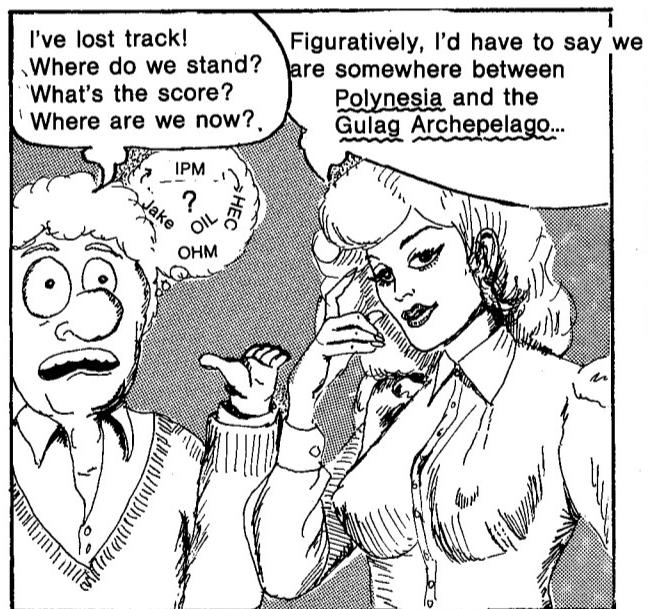
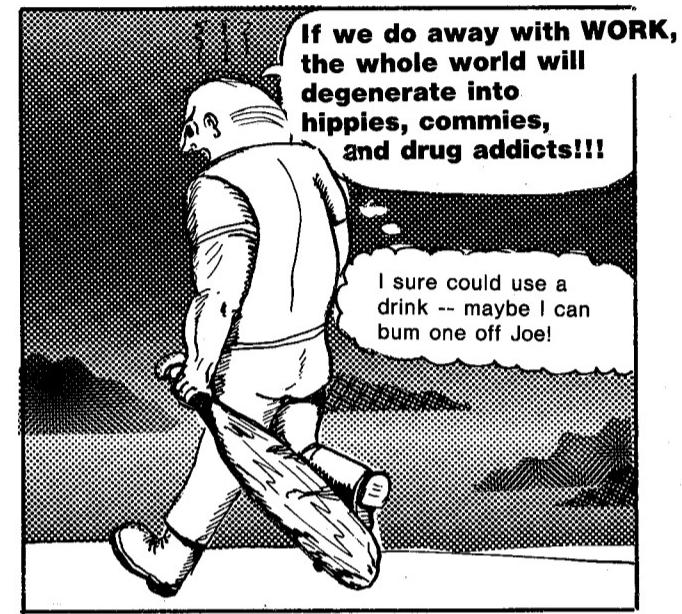
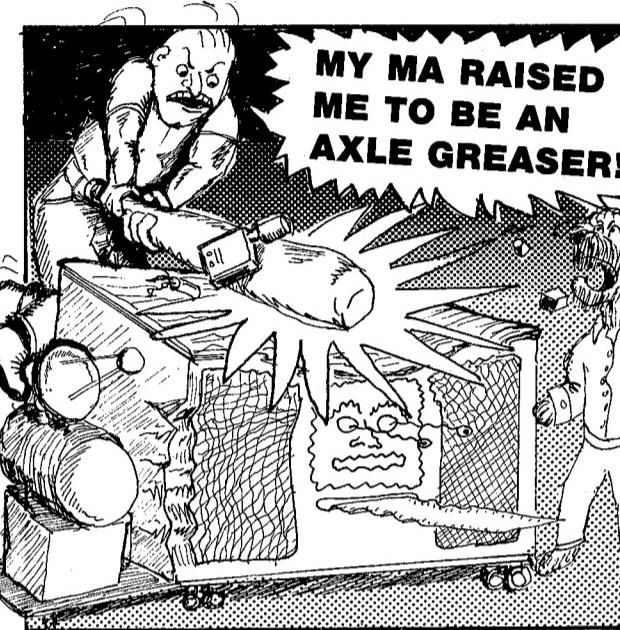
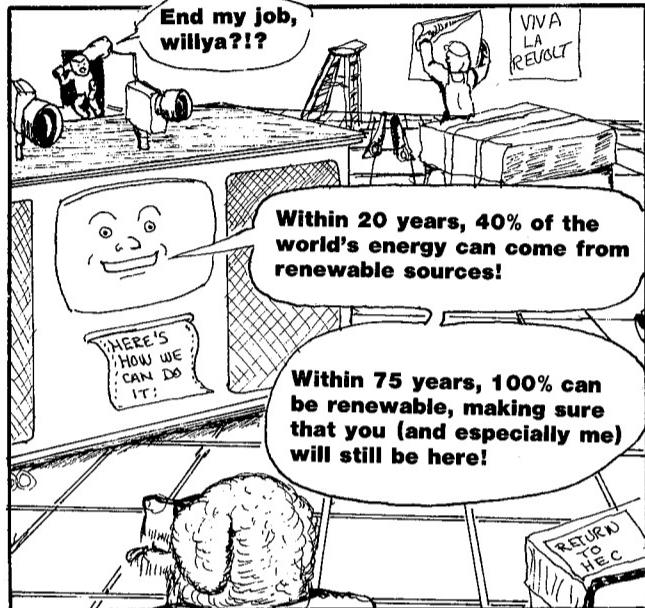
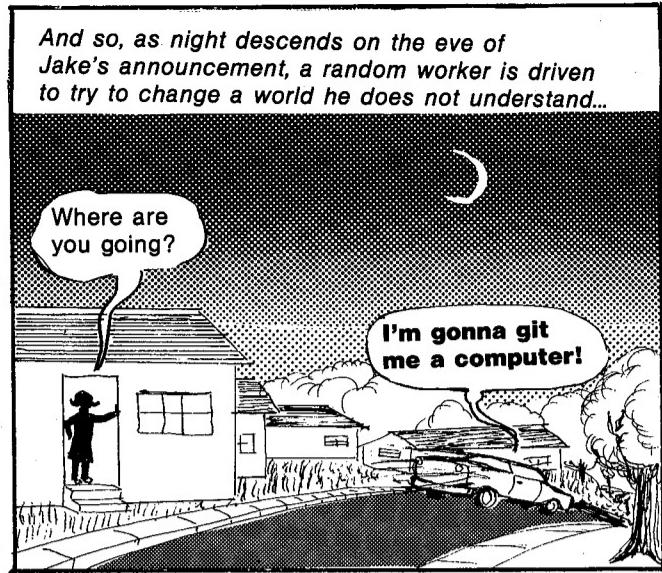
## The Surrender of IPM...

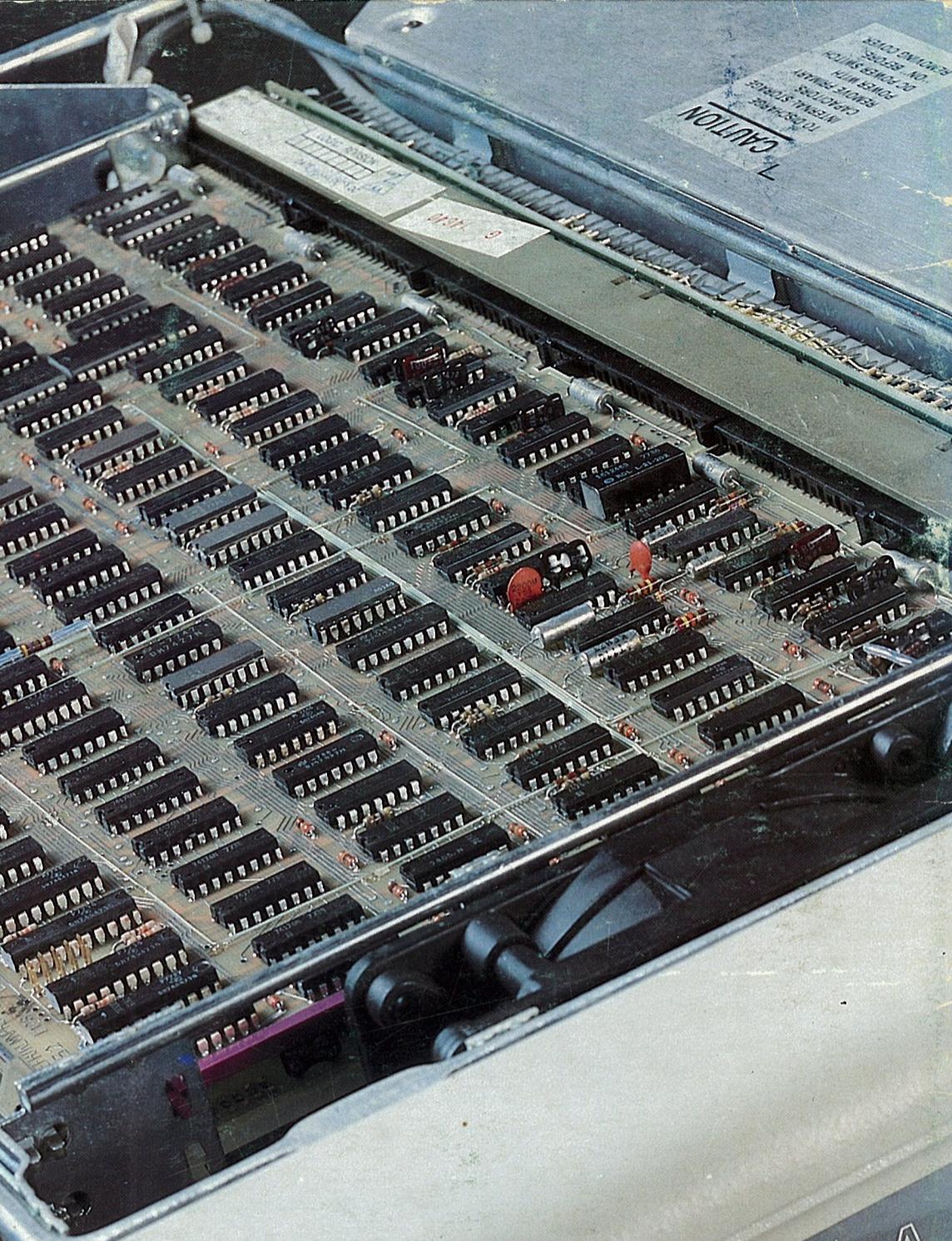
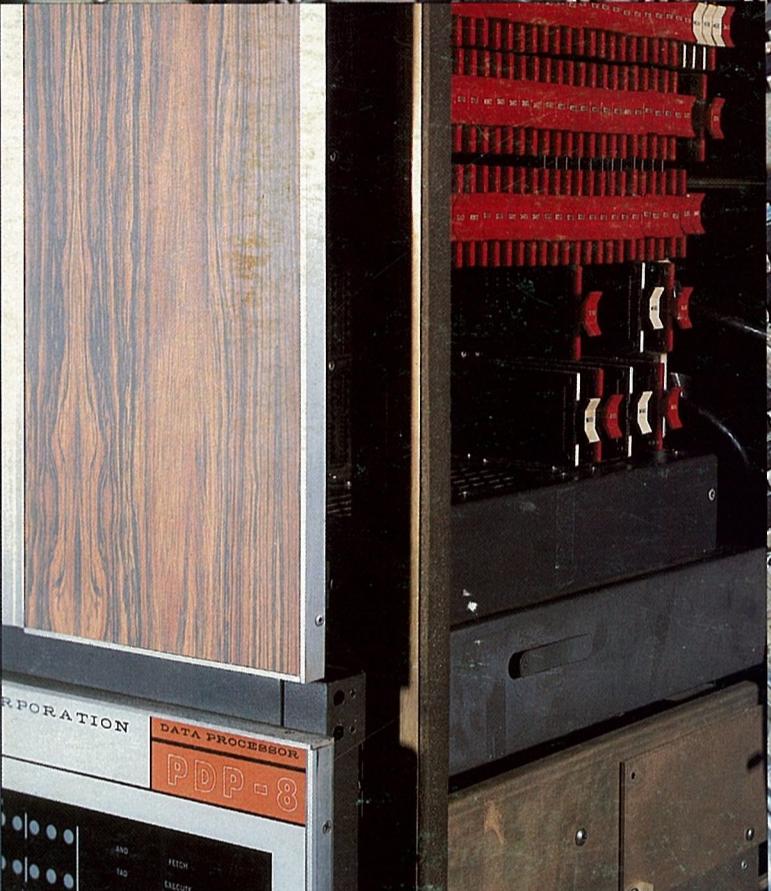


Our conclusive in-depth analysis of Jake's speech leads us to believe that most people will soon be out of work. This of course, includes axle greasers!



And so, as night descends on the eve of Jake's announcement, a random worker is driven to try to change a world he does not understand...





## WAR and PEACE

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